TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

The death of John Norquay, ex Premier of Manitoba, while still in his prime is a good example of how little there is in politics for those who try to be honest in the discharge of their duties and at the same time loyal to their friends. He died a poor man, and his wife and family will have to subsist on a paltry life insurance policy which will scarce afford them food and shelter of the commonest kind. A half-breed is generally a mixture of the bad qualities of both races, but when one is found who unites the good qualities of both races he is generally a very strong and able man. John Norquay was of the latter class, but he met Sir John A. Macdonald and his political career was fettered by the strange fascination which has been so often exercised by the Dominion Premier. Loyalty to John A. Macdonald drove Premier Norquay out of office—office which he had filled with distinction and rare ability for many years. A first class funeral seems to be one of the few things Canadian people are willing to accord to their favorites. After a man is dead they seem to realize how good a fellow and worthy a citizen he was and turn out in miles of carriages to see him buried. It is a poor reward, a discouraging ending. If W. R. Meredith, leader of the Ontario Opposition, were to die to-morrow his graces would be sung so loudly and sincerely that the populace would wonder how it was possible that such a man had been kept in opposition while he lived. He too has been over loyal to his political high priest, though circumstances have proven that his opposition to the once "taking" cry of provincial rights has been much more far-sighted than the policy of those who made the province everything and the Dominion nothing. It is perhaps his good fortune that he will live to see the tide turn and be borne upon the wave to that success which he so well deserves. Still there has been much in the natures of the two men which suggests a comparison.

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The newspapers have for weeks been publishing column after column concerning the Sullivan-Kilrain prize fight, watching with as much interest the movements of the pugilists as if they had been field-marshals of fighting forces in a European war. We have had every detail of how they have been trained and the prospects of knocking one another out. The opinion of Muldoon and McCaffrey and McGuffin and everybody else has been stated as to their condition, science and how much punishment they could stand. When the fight came off every round was described in these papers with no brutal detail omitted, but to square themselves they have editorially condemned such brutal exhibitions, deplored the laxity of the law in the States, the low state of morals among certain classes of the community and the "silly drivel about the manly art of self-defence," etc. I cannot for the life of me see that it is any worse to go to see a prize fight than it is to read about one, nor more degraded to be the backer or sponge holder than the publisher of "the sickening and brutalizing details." Of course the newspapers say they have to publish it because the people want to read it, and I can vouch for the fact that there has not been such a call for evening papers or so much discussion of the probabilities over any similar American event since the Presidential election. This probably proves that the state of morals in Canada is not much better than in the States as far as prize fighting is concerned. True, such exhibitions are prohibited, but it is also true that the prohibition has not changed the public desire to see and hear about this sort of thing, and the fact affords us a glimpse of that part of human nature which is always most interested in that which is prohibited and most eager for the things which have been declared improper. But does the fact that newspapers are forced by the clamor for news—though understanding that the publication of the prize fights does as much injury, nay, very much more injury, to public morals than the fight itself—relieve them from responsibility in the matter? Or does the short editorial condemning the prize fight atone for the columns of descriptive matter which preceded and followed it? There is a great deal of hypocrisy in such things. Either a newspaper must assert a superior moral standard to its readers and stick to it, or if it descends to the level which its readers demand it should put on no air of superior sanctity, because it is as inconsistent as the lecture of a grog seller would be on temperance. They claim, however, that they are trying to point out the right course and educate public opinion, but public opinion is much more widely educated by the descriptive matter than by the paragraph in the opinion department, and the great newspaper press of America is as responsible for the Sullivan-Kilrain fight as were Muldoon and Mitchell, the respective trainers of the two pugs.

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It seems to me that there is a great deal of a very similar sort of humbug in the criticism being made at such great length in many of the Liberal newspapers anent the recent union of the Hon. G. E. Foster with Mrs. Addie Chisholm of Hamilton, recently divorced by a Chicago court. It so happens that the Honorable Foster is a member of Sir John's cabinet and has wielded a very wide influence throughout Canada as an advocate of temperance reform which in his present position goes to strengthen the Ministry of which he is a member. It is rather suggestive therefore that the high moral ground is being taken by Mr. Foster's political opponents while the Government's friends in the press really feel it unnecessary to speak of the matter. Both kinds of papers object to the lax divorce laws of the United States in a general way, but they do not detest this looseness so strongly that it will separate them from their political idols. There is little or no doubt that legally Mrs. Addie Chisholm is still Mrs. Addie Chisholm as far as Canada is concerned and that she cannot become Mrs. Foster here without having done what the Liberal newspapers allege that she has not done.

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The affair has still another phase which it is not altogether pleasant to contemplate. The Honorable Foster has posed as the Christian politician, the bright and shining religious light of a Cabinet who it is said were not chosen altogether because of their religious tendencies. He has been the preacher of temperance and has endeavored to exalt it as one of the chief virtues, not only of the Christian, but of the citizen. Mrs. Addie Chisholm also was a chief of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union and she has been unflagging in her denunciation of wickedness in high places and elsewhere, particularly when the wickedness arose from the accursed drink. Now both Mrs. Chisholm and Mr. Foster must have been perfectly well aware that their nuptials would cause a scandal, that that scandal would injure the temperance movement, sadden the hearts of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and impair the usefulness of the contracting parties in their further struggles with the demon of drink. In the face of all these things the marriage was consummated almost immediately after the divorce had been obtained. Now preachers of self-sacrifice, we expect to be exemplars more or less of their doctrine, and I fail to discover in this case any tendency to subdue fleshly instincts for the good of the cause of which they were apparently so enamored.

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What is the moral to be deduced from these incongruous phases which are so plentifully found in public and in private life. Old Deacon Bedott summed it up after his evening cogitation that "we are poor weak critters." Isn't it so? We are eternally nagging at one another and exalting the virtues we have and concealing the absence of those we lack. When we discover a weakness in those who profess great things we are apt to exult over it, forgetful that it is often our littleness which protects us from investigations which might reveal very much more serious defects in our own character. It has been said that the man who exalteth himself shall be abased, but don't we carry it too far? No one has all the virtues and but few of us have any except those which come easy to us. Mr. Foster may have very rigid ideas with regard to drinking and be very modern and moderate on the question of divorce. Some people are exceedingly rigid as to observing the Sabbath who go home exceedingly drunk on Saturday night. In fact the drunkenest section of the British Islands is said to be Scotland, yet the Scotch are immovable in their Sabbatarianism. There are a great many who are strongly opposed to loose divorce laws and drunkenness who are flagrantly immoral. In fact, among the men of my acquaintance, I know several who do not respect the marriage tie in their own case, who are conscientiously and bitterly opposed to divorce of any kind. We perhaps should not expect to find "all-round" and thoroughly good men except in exceptional cases. And this applies even to preachers. I have known ministers thoroughly sound on the temperance question, the sacredness of marriage, belief in the entire creed of their church, who could not be trusted in a horse trade any more than the publican and sinner. Absolute commercial honor is as rare as any other kind of morality, and we probably hear less about it, possibly because so many who are afflicted with that particular phase of evil occupy front pews in places where preaching is done. I think if a man tries to be as good as he can, in spite of his evil tendencies, he should not be jumped upon and kicked into outer darkness because he shows his weakness in one particular portion of his make-up, and I try always to remember in criticising, that under similar circumstances I might possibly have done the same thing. Now as to prize fights, I can't say I am sure, if there was to be one that I could attend on the pretense of newspaper business without having a "personal" put in the papers about it, that I might not be tempted to slip around and see it though I don't by any means confess to having any developed liking for brutality. And then we might all ask ourselves—men and women—if we were in the same position as Mr. Foster and Mrs. Chisholm were and really awfully in love and "lonesome like" you know, if we might not have done pretty much as they did and probably not made nearly so much sacrifice in doing it either. Surely enough "we are all poor weak critters."

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The *Empire* has been much wounded because the *Globe* has been telling our French-Canadian fellow citizen that his rights would be as much protected if Quebec were a state in the Union as they are now while Quebec is a province of this Confederacy. The Conservative organ imagines that such information is intended to direct the thoughts of Jean Baptiste towards annexation, while the *Globe* professes that the information was given to teach those who are in such great enmity to the *habitant* that they must be moderate or the French-Canadian will seek refuge among our neighbors, taking his province with him. I do not imagine it to be the duty of any newspaper in this province to point out the anti-British and anti-Confederation prospects of Quebec. That task is properly attended to by such papers as *La Patrie*, *Le Monde*, *La Minerve*, etc. Just why we of this province and the pro-British of the other provinces should feel concerned as to what treatment Quebec would receive if it appealed for entrance to the Union is not clear. For my part I don't believe the Yankees would accept her as a gift, but if Quebec wanted to secede and all the French-Canadians in Canada wanted to secede from the Federation, the balance of Canadians, if they are half men, would not permit them to do anything of the kind. She is in here and has been well treated, and here she is going to stay whether she wants to or not. And while I imagine the *Globe* was providing nothing but information for the public in a newsy way, the public are in no mood for the consideration of any problem except how we are to get along with the French-Canadian at home. And it might be remarked parenthetically that this problem is going to be solved, and if French Canada is not willing to be represented in the convention which solves it, the solution will be arrived at all the same. While all the provinces are in thought and selfishness so provincial, we must run our nationalism on something else than provincial lines.

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It is proposed in the United States to amend the constitution, and the new clause is known as the Massachusetts Amendment—and it is an amendment or similar to one which may some day be known in this country as the Canadian Amendment. It is to the effect that,

> No State shall pass any law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof, or use its money, property, or credit, or any power of taxation or appropriation, or authorize either to be used, for the purpose of founding or aiding any church, religious denomination, or religious society, or any sectarian institution, or any undertaking under sectarian or religious control.

If free institutions are threatened under a written constitution by the encroachment of a religious sect how much more dangerous is a similar encroachment to us when we are largely guided by tradition and precedent.

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According to a report of his speech which appeared in a contemporary ex-Mayor Howland has been extolling in England the workings of the Scott Act while the counties in Canada have been repealing it in utter disgust at its inefficiency. Before he left here we had discovered that he was politically an "old cloe" man gathering up the bones of dead issues and making a mess of the new ones he attempted, so we need not be surprised at his error abroad, though we have every reason for surprise and resentment when the *Telegram* makes such absurd comparisons between the "moral" Howland *regime* and the present "policy"—administration of Mayor Clarke. As Mayor Clarke has spent much of his time fixing up Howland's mistakes and yet has found opportunity for many reforms and as the citizens are aware of this, they laugh at you, dear *Telegram*, when they read your misplaced eulogy.

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The C. P. R. in evident assurance of the result began taking possession of the city front, but work has been stopped. It is amazing to a private individual to watch the nerve of these corporations who in defiance of public opinion, justice and the ordinary rights of property enter in upon such a speculation as if they owned the earth. The more the matter is discussed the more intensely determined the citizens become to yield no jot or tittle of their rights. And this determination evidently befits the issue and it is one that the C. P. R. may as well recognize in a kindly spirit, for Toronto thoroughly appreciates their enterprise and the benefits they have conferred on the city and country, but we very vividly recollect the large sums of money which Toronto has paid as her share of the vast gifts already given to this powerful and aggressive corporation.

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The movement to present Ald. Dodds with some tangible token of the city's appreciation of his efforts in having the census taken and for the patriotic celebration of Dominion Day, was a good one. Aldermen too often imagine that no matter what they do the public will not appreciate it and this leads to the leaving undone of many important things. That Toronto can appreciate and reward those who use their time and energy for her advancement I hope will be made plain by the result of the efforts of the committee who have the matter in hand. Already a good beginning has been made and there can be no doubt of its success but it is important it should be made largely successful. Those who take a pride in Toronto and such movements as place her strongly and properly before the people should not wait to be invited but should volunteer their subscriptions to the fund.

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The new issue of the Consumers' Gas Company's stock placed on the market sold at an average of about 176. Is not this a convincing proof that they are earning exceedingly large dividends? If they were not would anyone pay $176 for a $100 share of stock? The shares offered were eagerly picked up and I imagine the public have been convinced of the truth of what I have been saying. At any rate at a sub-committee of the Board of Works the proposal to allow the Gas Company to lay wires necessary to enable them to go into the business of electric lighting found but two supporters and the newspapers are not now so unanimous in giving favorable editorial notices to the company's project. In fact, I am afraid such editorials will not appear again until there is another advertisement inserted.

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The English publishers, so we are informed through English sources, are determined to prevent the Dominion Parliament from passing the new copyright act. The English publishers and Englishmen of all sorts will make a very great mistake if they attempt to coerce Canada in this matter. Canadians intend to have their own laws no matter what happens, and the protection of our industries has been so firmly established as a principle of our government that opposition to it would but lessen what is now a growing feeling of attachment to the mother land and shake the daily increasing belief that eventually we shall all be a part of a great federation.

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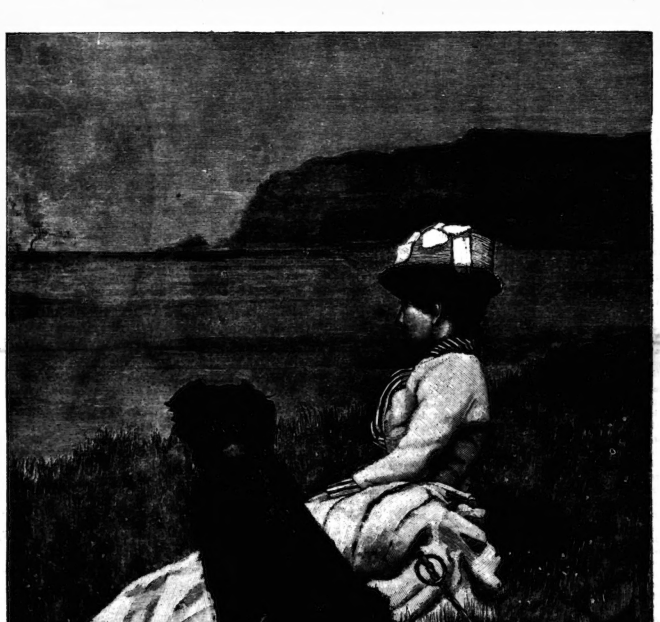
At the polls on Tuesday the by-law authorizing the expenditure of nearly $200,000 was voted upon by only a few hundred voters, and the project of appointing court house commissioners was defeated. It was an unfair test of whether the people did or did not want a commission. In the first place the vote which authorized the expenditure of the additional amount on the court house was immensely larger than that polled on Tuesday, and I think it fair to assume that the majority of them were of the opinion that a commission would be appointed. In the second place the by-law was saddled with the suggestion of one of its opponents that $8,000 per annum would be



"It May Be For Years!" *From the Illustrated London News.*

appropriated to the expenses of such a commission. Perhaps it is just as well that the commission was defeated. Judge Osler has very sharply stated the moral obliquity which caused the aldermen to act as they did; and while it does not relieve the aldermen of any responsibility, it gives the people a good cause for electing a proper court-house committee for next year. Moreover, it is obvious that a proper committee will be composed of but few of those who are now so anxious to retain the patronage. If the project advocated by SATURDAY NIGHT of nominating good men and submitting their names to the people had been adopted, such commissioners would have been elected, but the aldermen did not intend to have it carried, and took the best means of defeating it. Perhaps it is for the best. Such a small-minded committee would probably have recommended as commissioners men who are as utterly unfit to be commissioners as the majority of aldermen are unfit to be committeemen.

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The dispatches of Wednesday indicate that the proposal for an Imperial Federation Convention for all the Colonies is not being abandoned and it is believed that the government are disposed to give the subject the fullest consideration.

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Mr. Dalton McCarthy speaking at an Equal Rights meeting at Cobourg a couple of weeks ago is said to have cut himself completely loose from his old political friends and thoroughly demonstrated the sincerity of his present independent stand. Somehow there has been nothing about it in the daily papers. Probably his political friends are still in hopes that they can win him back again to the fold. If he stays where he is he will certainly be a strong factor in the next general elections, and Mr. McCarthy is not the kind of man who makes many changes.

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To the Rev. Dr. Parker:

DEAR SIR,—For brevity's sake I address this to you as an open letter, summarizing the little dispute which has arisen about an article which I published two weeks ago, and, in order to have my readers thoroughly understand the nature of our controversy I reproduce it together with your letter which appeared in the *Globe* on the following Tuesday.

[*From Saturday Night, June 29.*]

Talking about these odious racial comparisons, the Rev. Dr. Parker, last Sunday, in the Broadway Tabernacle (Toronto) said that the Irish were in reality more dangerous to the weal of the State than were the Chinese. If he represented the Christian tolerance of Toronto, we would have very little to boast of. Men must be ignorant of the history of human nature, and the first principles of religion, to make in public any such statement. In the army, in the professions, in literature, and in the pulpit, Irishmen have frequently taken the highest place. In many of Britain's wars they have been the bravest soldiers; in many debates the staunchest patriots. The Irish poets have sung many of the sweetest lays which have ever been written, and delivered some of the most resonant speeches in the English tongue. The orators of Ireland are celebrated for some of the magnificent speeches on all questions; and what Chinaman, may I ask, has ever contributed anything towards the building up of an English-speaking nation? In America while many blatherskites and ignorant fanatics do vast harm and are continually plotting for place and subsidy, yet they are not representative of the enormous Irish-American population whose good citizenship cannot be disputed in the United States or Canada. In the House of Representatives and Congress and in our Parliament and Senate are Irishmen who are too lofty in thought and too chivalrous in speech to make such odious comparisons as that made by the Rev. Dr. Parker. Some of the cleverest men in the professions in this city, some of the best and most generous citizens are Irishmen, and Roman Catholic Irishmen at that, who would not be known as anything but Canadians were it not for a certain exclusiveness which has become necessary to them owing to such outrageous attacks as that made at Broadway Tabernacle on Sunday night. Of course it is possible that Dr Parker may have been misreported. I hope he was. It was an unworthy utterance.

Rev. W. R. Parker.—A Reply to the Strictures of Saturday Night.

TO THE EDITOR [OF THE GLOBE].—When your reporter heard on the streets of some statements credited to me as uttered last Sabbath night in Broadway Tabernacle, he had the courtesy and consideration to interview me in the matter, as had the representative of another leading city daily.

When I informed him that my reference to different nationalities was simply incidental, and employed to illustrate the contention that while Churches, as well as nations, were built up by immigration and those born into the kingdom—and that while all immigrants should be cordially welcomed, and the heterogeneous elements unified as far as possible, yet the Tabernacle would have been basely, in its commodiousness and costliness, largely in vain unless spiritual births were the law of the Church—your fair-minded, dispassionate agent saw nothing to "write up."

In striking contrast to your treatment of a public man is that of SATURDAY NIGHT. With him, without personal knowledge or any effort to be correct, he prostitutes the freedom of the press into a license to heap on me cowardly abuse, and to iterate gratuitous insinuations. After such a tirade from this distinguished leader of society, an unprejudiced public will rightly estimate his closing admission. "Of course it is possible that Dr. Parker may have been misreported. I hope he was."

The one redeeming feature in these morbid strictures is the pertinent eulogy pronounced upon the Irish. This is a sentiment with which I heartily sympathize, and as those who know can affirm, I have always announced myself, and such I, a Canadian of Irish parentage, shall always be proud to maintain.

Toronto, June 29. W. R. PARKER.

I reminded you last week of the bad taste of answering in one journal what appeared in another, and pointed out that it was not consistent with journalistic etiquette or common justice, to say nothing of Christian charity, which should have suggested that the rebuke be first to the offending brother before that section of the world which may not have heard of what you considered offensive, should be appealed to. It is unnecessary to reproduce the letters which appeared last week, but with your permission I give the two letters which I received in reply to my request that you should state wherein you were misrepresented, and that you should tell me, if you did not say what I alleged you said, really what you did say. I contend that your second letter practically admits the whole case. There may be a difference of terms, but the substance, the intention of your remarks, are identical with what I alleged you said. Following are the letters:

[PRIVATE.]

238 HURON STREET, TORONTO, July 3, '89.

DEAR SIR,—Yours duly received, and in reply, I beg to say I have been a constant reader of SATURDAY NIGHT since you commenced its publication; and, while I could not always endorse all your views, yet I have admired the freshness, felicity and—in the main—the fairness which have characterized your articles. I was, therefore, the more surprised when I found your shafts turned on me, in a style exceptional, and rather ever owed.

Hence, while it may appear to you that, in accordance with "good taste," my reply should have appeared in SATURDAY NIGHT, my good sense admonishes me to express myself to the editor "in a word" especially as his *first ones* were so ungracious.

Whatever I said, on the Sunday night named, was touching class conduct, which is historical, and my sentiments could not truthfully be construed into the invidious comparison of the Irish people, which was your presumption—judging from the trend of your strictures.

Had you asked me for my statements, their connection and purposes, or, "as nearly as possible the words used," before subjecting me to criticism, it would certainly have met your wishes. Now, however, without intending you the slightest discourtesy, I must decline.

Respectfully yours,
W. R. PARKER.

238 HURON ST., TORONTO, July 5, '89.

DEAR SIR,—You are at liberty to publish my note marked "private" if you wish.

You say: "I feel that I have not been fairly treated in this matter." Really, it seems strange to me that your concern seems all for your own reputation and claims. Do you think you have treated me fairly or did you think I was fair game for abuse, which I would submit to without protest? You see fit to give me, in your widely-circulated paper, as lacking in "Christian tolerance"; as "ignorant of the history of human nature and the first principles of religion"; as wanting in the chivalry, which eschews "odious comparisons"; and as guilty of a certain exclusiveness which led me to perpetrate "such outrageous attacks as that made at Broadway Tabernacle on Sunday night."

I have told you that I said nothing warranting such assertions; and yet, though you made your attack on me upon mere rumor or report, you cannot withdraw anything unless I recall and repeat my specific statements or their substance. I am willing notwithstanding, as an act of grace, and without conceding that you have any legal or moral claim to information you should have had before you gave published expression to your opinion in the matter, to give you substantially what I said.

I spoke of the risk and peril of building up a nation largely out of the heterogeneous elements gathered from foreign countries, leavened—as they often are—with the combustible material of their social, religious, or political sentiments or grievances. I instanced the United States as now compelled to face a grave problem because of the dominating place held by Irish Roman Catholics in many sections of the Republic—notably in New York and, I may add, Chicago: and because they were credited with using their vantage ground to secure grants of public money for ecclesiastical purposes, and to aim at the crippling or destruction of the American system of national education.

I said that it was passing strange that the nation that had courted such ingredients should so systematically and persistently resort to the most effectual methods of keeping out the Chinamen, who are so proverbially inoffensive in public affairs, as well as so industrious and economical.

If you see fit to publish this communication *in its entirety* I have no objection to offer. Yours truly,

W. R. PARKER.

Now I will take the privilege of reminding you of the article in the *World* from which I received my information, and which appeared in that paper on June 25. Upon its face the article referred to purports to have been written by a reporter from the *World* after an interview with you. I find upon enquiry that it was so written upon such information as you gave him, and I presume it is that reporter you refer to in your letter to the *Globe* where you say

—Yet your reporter heard on the streets of some statements credited to me as uttered last Sabbath night in the Broadway Tabernacle, but had the courtesy and consideration to interview me in the matter, as *had the representative of another leading city daily.*

Is not the "leading city daily" from which I obtained my information the paper to which you refer in the second instance? And yet you repudiated it as false, and have stigmatized me as having "prostituted the freedom of the press," when I repeated the sentence which is italicized in the *World's* report. Now read over the report published in the *World* after the reporter interviewed you and see if you have not attacked me in an unfair and unwarrantable manner.

Irishmen v. Chinamen.—Rev. Dr. Parker says the latter are not so dangerous to the State as the former.

There was considerable talk on the streets yesterday over an allusion made by Rev. Dr. Parker in his sermon at the Broadway Tabernacle on Sunday.

This was the first Sunday the doctor occupied the pulpit as pastor of the church and he was comparing the growth of the church to the growth of cities and countries. There were two elements that contributed to the growth of a city or country—the natural increase and emigration. As the city of Toronto drew population largely from the hamlets, villages and towns of the province, so would the Tabernacle congregation be augmented by people from different parts of the city. But it was highly essential that the congregation should be united even though composed of people from different quarters. It was a grand thing for any country to have emigration, but that emigration should go into complete fusion with the native population to form a strong nation. The United States was drawing its tens of thousands from the four quarters of the earth. But the incoming hosts were not fusing with the native people but were becoming discordant and dangerous elements. The Irish Roman Catholics practically controlled New York and there was grave apprehension of trouble coming out of it. They were gaining supremacy in all branches of civic government and were now working for control of the city funds for the purpose of furthering the interests of their separate schools. These Irish, who had openly created trouble and refused to become identified with the national population, had been hitherto welcomed, while Chinamen were debarred from entering at the Union's gates. The Chinaman was simple, hardworking and industrious, and made no pretence at raising up a nation within the nation. *The Irish were in reality more dangerous to the weal of the Union than were the Chinese.*

It was rumored around town yesterday that a number of the congregation got up and left the church, but prominent members of the congregation and Dr. Parker deny that any one of the great concourse of people gathered there, left the church till the close of the service.

The gravamen of the charge you make against me appears to be this, that I "made my attack on you upon mere rumor or report" Under the circumstances above stated was it not warranted? The *World* article had been neither replied to nor repudiated. Should I have had you interviewed a second time before I attacked you for a statement which practically you admit having made.

In the second place was I warranted in attacking you for lacking in Christian tolerance, as being "ignorant of the history of human nature and the first principles of religion," as "wanting in the chivalry which eschews odious comparisons," and as "guilty of a certain exclusiveness which led you to perpetrate such outrageous attacks as that made in Broadway Tabernacle on Sunday night." These are the charges you allege I make against you and the whole matter in dispute is concerning your statement that in reality the Irish are more dangerous to the weal of the Union than are the Chinese. I contend that you have in effect made such a comparison and that my language was justifiable. Firstly, to use a common theological division, the Irish Catholic women are the most virtuous, according to the statistics of the world, that are to be found in any nation. The Chinese woman who comes to America is almost invariably a prostitute. The Chinese in America are the slaves of the Six Companies of Hong-Kong. They never send out wives with their slaves, but simply a woman who is allotted to perhaps a dozen or perhaps fifty men. The Irish quarters of New York and Chicago, the cities you quote, exhibit a vast deal of poverty and ignorance, and it must be confessed that the people follow in politics with unreasoning loyalty a few leaders who are known as "ward bosses!" The Chinese quarters in the cities you name, and of San Francisco more noticeably, are the abodes of moral and physical degradation of the most revolting kind. Opium smoking, prostitution, and filth unmentionable, are their characteristics; and these things are but a part of the Chinese "economy and inoffensiveness" you so greatly admire. Are such things less offensive in public affairs than the ambition of some Irishmen to achieve prominence and the acquiescence of their fellow-countrymen in such endeavor? True, the Chinese are industrious, but so are the Irish. Much of the hard labor done by white men in America, has been done by Irishmen. That they are economical is proven by the fact that many of them have become rich; that in our own city there are very many Irish Roman Catholics who are by no means lacking of this world's goods—many have wealth won by the sweat of their brow or honest trade. True, a certain number of them keep saloons, but so do Englishmen and Scotchmen, but this is less dangerous to public interest than keeping an opium den or a house of prostitution. Further, I would ask you, Dr. Parker, if a class which takes such a lively and aggressive interest in politics is not less dangerous than that which takes none? Is not apathy more dangerous, under a system of popular government, than aggressiveness? Are not those who stay away from the polls as frequently responsible for the evils in government as those who blindly vote in favor of their friends? Therefore is not the Chinaman, who is not a citizen of this country, who does not keep his wealth here, is not even buried here, who has regard neither for our God nor our customs, who is the slave of the Six Companies, who is nearly always a moral leper, more of a menace to popular government than the Irishman, who is an enthusiastic advocate of what he thinks is right? In a constituency composed of Irishmen and Chinamen, which would be the more purchasable, which, if they were in equal numbers would be the more dangerous? It would be in such a case that your comparison would meet its practical answer.

You having accused me of having "prostituted the press" in making the charge I did, I feel justified in alleging that you prostituted the pulpit in making the charge you did. I think you were indulging in perhaps not a willful but an oratorical misrepresentation of facts which probably occurred in one of those "outbursts" which frequently mar the usefulness of sermons. In a desire to recede from your position, however, it was unnecessary to allege that I "without personal knowledge or any effort to be correct, prostituted the freedom of the press into a license to heap on you cowardly abuse and to iterate gratuitous insinuations." I think I only wrote after having surrounded myself with such safeguards as newspapers find sufficient to keep them from error. Your own position I consider much less tenable than mine. You wrote the *Globe* what I must insist is a most unfair article, insomuch as you were repudiating a statement made by a reporter after an interview with you, for I made no statement which the *World* article quoted does not justify. You say it is "strange that my concern is all for my own reputation and claims." I do not think it strange. I am simply defending myself from an attack—an unwarrantable attack made by you from behind the *Globe* hedge. What are our relative positions in this matter? In your first letter you say your "good sense admonished you not to expose yourself to the editor's last word, especially as his first ones were so ungracious." You say this in reply to my statement that in accordance with good taste your reply should have appeared in SATURDAY NIGHT. Why did you imagine that your letter in the *Globe* would not expose you to the editor's last word? Did you imagine I would not see it. Unless this was your idea, why should you have been more exposed to my last word, had your letter been addressed to SATURDAY NIGHT, than if it had been addressed to the *Globe*? In your first letter you say: "My sentiments could not truthfully be construed into an 'invidious comparison.'" I leave it to the readers of this paper to say whether what you said is open to any other construction than the one I put upon it. You are much grieved that I did not ask you first for a statement of what you said. I claim that I had your statement of what you said. In your second letter you ask me if I think you are "fair game for abuse which you would submit to without protest." I answer that you are fair game for rebuke if you said what your own letter and the result of the *World's* interview with you prove that you said, and I must call your attention to the fact that I did not abuse you, but remarked that your utterance was an exceedingly improper one. I hold that you must be "lacking in Christian tolerance," must be "ignorant of the history of human nature and the first principles of religion," if you hold "that a Chinaman is less dangerous to the weal of the Union than an Irishman." I believe you to be "wanting in chivalry" as has been shown in this dispute, and that you do not "eschew odious comparisons." You told me, after I asked you, that you said nothing warranting such assertions. I think I have proven that you did say something warranting such assertions. You say that I would not withdraw anything unless you recalled and repeated your specific statements or their substance. After you have recalled these I am still unwilling to withdraw and I leave the whole matter to the public, and have been careful to publish the whole correspondence in order that I might not misrepresent you as you have misrepresented me.

But the most unfortunate of your postures in this matter has been that where you state that "as an act of grace," without conceding that I have any "legal or moral claim to information" you will stretch a point and tell me what you said. I do not accept it as an act of grace nor feel obligated to you for any condescension. I think what now devolves upon you is to prove that you have been quite truthful in this matter and these columns are open to you if you desire to adduce such proof.

The last clause of your second letter informs me that if I see fit to publish this communication "in its entirety" you have no objection to offer. To guard myself against any charge of garbling, I have reproduced not only your letters in "their entirety" but both articles in question, and I ask you if I have not treated you more fairly and at a greater sacrifice of labor and space than you treated me when you sat down and wrote to the *Globe* an article which alleged that I "had prostituted the freedom of the press, heaped on you cowardly abuse and iterated gratuitous insinuations." I am, sir, open to many charges but I had no intention of abusing you, and I do not believe it is my habit to be cowardly in physical or editorial attacks on anybody. That you answered my strictures in another journal in order that I might "come in the last word" indicates that you were not over brave, and while I have to thank you for having so kindly said that you "admire the freshness, felicity, and in the main the fairness" which have characterized my articles, I am sorry I cannot reciprocate and say that I admire the fairness with which you have replied.

Nor, in conclusion, sir, do I propose to posture with you as an Irish-Canadian, for I am not aware of a drop of Irish blood in my veins. I have repeatedly criticized what I consider dangerous encroachments upon our system of government by Roman Catholics—Irish and otherwise—but I have also frequently pointed out that if they had their way Methodists, Presbyterians, and other priests, might be quite as intolerant as those who, I am sorry to say, too often hold in custody the consciences and ballots of Irish-Americans and Irish-Canadians.

DON.

Social and Personal.

Last Saturday afternoon a jolly party of picnickers went out to Mrs. John Dick's camp at Balmy Beach and then repaired to the beautiful residence of Mrs. Willie Banks, situated on the banks of the lake, where sets of tennis were played on one of the finest courts in the Dominion. In the evening some delightful music was listened to from the balcony of the house. The party were brought there and back on Mr. Hirschfelder's yacht, the Marjorie, and arrived in Toronto shortly after midnight, after having spent a most delightful day. Among those who were there were the Misses Geikie, Miss Marling, Miss Edith Hannaford, the Misses Edith and Constance Jarvis, Miss Ethel Banks, Miss Fuller, Miss Boultbee, Mrs. and Miss Barker, Dr. Salisbury, Dr. Geikie, Messrs. Harry Jarvis, Heward, McMillan and Cecil Jarvis.

*

Miss Emily King Dodds returned on Wednesday from her five months' visit to New York, Long Branch and Monmouth Beach.

*

A large and pleasant party went out on the steam yacht Viola last Thursday afternoon, when a three hours' cruise was greatly enjoyed by those who were so fortunate as to have invitations.

*

Mr. Emil Jarvis of the Western Loan and Savings Company, Winnipeg, is in town spending his holidays, and returns on July 20.

*

Miss Allie Heward was in town for a day last week, looking quite sunburnt.

*

Not long ago several local misses were together comparing in a light and pleasant chat their records as kissers. All of them had been at least two years in society, so this sweepstakes for kissing maidens was only a race of youngsters after all. The pace which a dashing little brunette went gallantly out to set was a clipping one and the time was very good—for the ages of the entries; but I have no doubt the older society girls, whose arts and blandishments have strengthened with the added years, could beat this poor record all hollow. The little brunette I spoke of—slashing little creature that she is—had kissed—let me see—and she counted them off on her dainty fingers. One, two, three—she ran the number up to nine quickly enough; pursed her brow then and thought. She had forgotten some of her early loves, but finally she made out eleven fellows and there quit, still thinking; and with the odds even that some of her old conquests had slipped her. Another young lady had kissed seven; another five; a becoming little maiden, who was poutingly conscious that she was horribly young, was a little backward in declaring that only three scalps dangled at her belt. The last one to give in her experience observed, shamefacedly, that she had kissed but one; but then, she said in extenuation, she had only been out one year and avowed her intention of doing better in the future.

*

Mrs. Geo. Evans of Grange avenue gave a musicale for a few friends last week, and a most delightful evening was spent. Those present were: Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Sweeny, Miss Sweet of London, Eng., Rev. Mr. Hill, the Misses Lewis, Rev. Mr. Saunders, the Misses Mason of Barrie, Rev. Mr. and the Misses Ellerby, Mr. Hill, Mr. and Mrs. Frost and Mr. Godden.

*

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. P. Clement will take a trip to Pictou, N. S.

*

Mr. Henry Gooderham and family left this week for Old Orchard Beach.

*

John Kay and family will pass the summer at St. Andrews, N. B.

*

Mrs. Edward Blake, Rev. G. M. and Mrs. Wrong, Mr. E. F. Blake, and a large party have gone to their usual summering place, Murray Bay.

*

Mrs. Bourlier and son are summering at St. James, Long Island. Mr. Bourlier returned to the city on Wednesday.

Mrs. Alfred Harris, children and nurse, are at Port Sandfield, Muskoka.

*

Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Patterson are away on a trip in the Maritime Provinces.

*

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Dunn sailed by the City of Paris for England on Wednesday.

*

Miss Lottie Coleman of Glen Road was At Home last Wednesday evening to a number of her young friends. The following availed themselves of her invitation: Mr. and Miss Lily, Miss Hamilton, Miss Wilcox of New York, Mr. Fred Lount, the Misses Mason of Barrie, Miss Taylor of Bradford, Mr. Hamilton, Miss Bedwin, Mr. F. Blackman, Miss J. Dowd, Mr. F. Mason, Mr. Kinnon of Chicago and others. The evening was pleasantly spent with dancing and other amusements.

*

Very Rev. Father Hughes, V. G., of Hartford, Conn., is now in the city on a visit to his cousin, Mr. B. B. Hughes of Glenhurst, Fordale.

*

Mr. Yarker has taken Mrs. Cawthra's house, 150 Beverley street, until his family return in September, when he will take up his residence again at the corner of Beverley and Baldwin streets.

*

The Island Amateur Aquatic Association's next weekly At Home will be held this evening at their rooms when an attractive programme will be presented. Miss Geikie will play on the violin. Mr. Harry Jarvis has kindly consented to sing, and will probably be heard for the last time previous to his departure for Europe, where he intends finishing his vocal studies. The other performers will be Miss Ethel Geikie, Mr. Hirschfelder, Mr. Gus Heward and Dr. Geikie. All Islanders are eligible as members of this association.

*

Last Saturday afternoon the gentlemen known on the Island as Mrs. Mead's boarders, treated the ladies and children residing at that popular resort to an outing on the lake on the trim little steamer Rescue, and a trip up the Humber River. An excellent luncheon was provided. The day was everything that could be desired, and after a jolly good time the party returned to the Island which they reached at 10 p.m., all voting themselves the happiest picnickers of the season. Among the party I noticed Mr. and Mrs. G. Ridout, Mr. and Mrs. W. Hemming, Mr. and Mrs. G. King, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Pearson, Messrs. A. Denison, J. Alley and A. Braunshaw.

(*Continued on Page Eleven.*)

FOR AN

Engagement or Birthday Present

One of those Ladies' Gold Watches about the size of a half-dollar, with plain polished case and monogram on front-back, will be sure to please. I have just received some from the factory.

E. BEETON

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STRIPED TENNIS COATS

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His First Visit to the Derby.

Though I have spent sixteen years in England, writes Max O'Rell in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, I had never seen the Derby until to-day. Can there be in the whole world such a dirty, hooting, swearing, brazen-throated, foul-mouthed crowd to be seen? And I am told that things are vastly improved, and the scenes to be witnessed to-day are no match for the Derbys of Auld Lang Syne! And what a road! From Westminster we drove over a route strewn thick with bills, paper debris, advertisements of fuses, advertisements of the gospel tent to be found on the course, with orange peelings, cocoanut shells, empty bottles.

The only redeeming feature in the whole thing seemed to me the treatment of horses, the care with which they were driven, and at intervals, along the road down, watered and refreshed. On the course I saw a man furiously driving and whipping a poor horse which had unfortunately got into his company, quite set upon by an indignant crowd that looked likely to make a very good amateur R. S. P. A. The working man is no doubt better aware than any one who talks to him of humanity to his horse, that it pays to treat the animal well. Looking at the way in which he is often found treating his wife, the extra gentleness extended to Dobbin may arise from shrewdness. Or is it something else? "A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind." In the carts, cars, shandrydans that I passed on the road, there were three distinct types of face: the bull-dog, the fish, and the sheep. What an unlovely company occupying each cart, with its layer or two of men in front, and all the women (the females, I should rather say) stowed away behind in true British fashion.

Where there was an apparent absence of any linen on the persons of the men, there was an extra display of ostrich feathers on the wonderful hats of the women. As the various vehicles discharged their cargoes, some truly amazing toilettes that had been blushing comparatively unseen, in the carts on the way down, now joined in the general jarring and swearing. One, noted carefully in detail, will give an idea of many, though I doubt if it could have been outshone on the whole course. Dress of sapphire blue silk, covered to the waist with beaded frills; a gigantic hat of crimson velvet surrounded by a wide band of gold lace, and further adorned with a long and broad encircling plume of a dazzling apple-green hue. The finishing touch was put to this attire by a train of black lace, which started from the waist and trailed a long yard behind its wearer.

Just after witnessing the check in the career of the Jehu whom the crowd took in hand for lashing his horse, I stumbled upon a female fight. Two enraged creatures, with fine feathers and foul tongues, were in the thick of a quarrel which they evidently intended to settle on the spot. No interference here. On the contrary, hearty encouraging cries from the male by-standers of "Go it, old gal, I'll 'old yer 'at," and other evidences of the absence of any intention to spoil sport.

The main business of the day on the Downs is evidently eating, drinking, and getting photographed. I will venture to doubt whether a half of the people who flock to Epsom on Derby day see a horse race. Horseplay there was of course in plenty. Is it not an invariable accompaniment of every British holiday-making in which the masses take part? On the whole, however, it must be admitted that it was a good-tempered crowd, rough and rowdy, but not riotous; ridiculous and dirty, but with here and there a diverting touch, such as the impromptu foot-bath of an individual who removed the dust from his boots by calmly swilling a pail of water over them. To fun pure and simple the nearest approach seemed to be the wearing of a big bonnet by a man.

How the cockney loves a holiday, and how he will toil at taking it! It would be hard to say wherein the pleasure of the Derby lay for the six fellows whom I noted going down with a hand cart. I say with, for only four of them were upon it, No. 5 was in the shafts, and No. 6 pushed behind. Where they had joined the stream I cannot of course say, but when we passed them they were on the Epsom side of Tooting, and with baskets on board were clearly enough bound for the course, if not for the grand stand. To one who goes to mingle in the crowd and not to look on from the grand stand, the impression left is not a pleasant or a cheerful one. I returned home feeling that if horse racing was instituted for the improvement of the equine race, it has certainly not conduced much to the improvement of the human one.

Why Bill Didn't Go Up in a Balloon.

There was to be a balloon ascension in a Connecticut town, and the Professor had offered to let any one accompany him on his trip to the clouds who had the nerve to go. A young farmer about 20 years old stepped forward as a candidate, but while the crowd was cheering him a voice called out:

"Hey, Bill! I want to speak to you a minit."

It was his father, and leading him to the outskirts of the crowd he halted and asked:

"Bill, d'ye know what ye ar' doin'!"

"I'm goin' up in that balloon, dad."

"Expect to get down alive?"

"I dew."

"Wall, ye never will!"

"Why?"

"When you left home this mornin' you had sixty cents in cash. I wanted ye to leave it home, but you wouldn't."

"I've got it yit, dad, a-lackin' three cents gone fur peanuts."

"Yes, I s'pose so, and that Purfessor knows it. That's why he's encouragin' you to go. When you git up thar' among the clouds he's goin' to rob ye."

"Shoo! dad! I'd have him took up when I got down."

"Not much, Bill. Arter he robs ye he'll throw ye overboard, and us who ar' lookin' up will see ye come sallin' down like an old gander skimmin' over a hoss pond. Ye'll strike somewhar' over in Sheppard's pasture lot, and ye'll go into the sile about eighteen feet afore ye bring up."

"Honest Injun, dad?"

"Bill, did I ever lie to ye? I may be able to fish up one o' yer shank bones to take home, and when I hand it to mother and tell her that's all that's left of William Ackford Moses Schemerhorn, what's she goin' to say and how she's goin' to feel?"

"Shall I back water, dad?"

"I would, Bill—I sartinly would. I know it would be sunthin' to brag of if ye got down alive, but ye never would."

"If I back water kin I spend them fifty-seven cents?"

"Wall, mostly, but not quite all. S'posen ye buy a cokernut and a cigar, and I'll kinder help eat and smoke as we jog along home, and save the rest for a rainy day. Times is goin' to be awful hard this fall, Bill."

"Yes, I guess. Wall, it's a go, dad, and you jist don't worry no more. You kin go back and watch the balloon, and I'll kinder saje around to'rds a grocery. I've bin fastin' cokernut fur the last five minits."—*N. Y. Sun.*

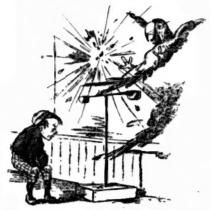
She Dared to be Original.

Now comes a girl who is plump enough to be well rounded without a suggestion of corpulence, slender enough to be graceful withal, unconscious of self enough to be modest without prudery, merry enough to be charming without affectation, and with a touch of originality about her costume that makes her still more interesting. It is not in the headdress, a blue and white handkerchief tastefully arranged, from under which a heavy plait of golden hair falls below the waist and ends in a curly tangle; nor in the suit, which is like many others, a blue jersey cloth with a scroll pattern in white braid on collar and wristbands, belt and skirt, but she has remembered how pretty a white hand looks in a dark mitt, and applying the knowledge in another direction has cut away part of the foot of the stocking, exposing the daintiest, whitest toes, with pink tintings as beautiful as a baby's. Not one in twenty could have done it; for an unsightly corn or other blemish would have been fatal to the effect, but there is nothing of the kind here.

As her escort joins her he casts a sly glance downward and begins to laugh. Her eyes do not once fall to her feet; it is not necessary, for she has made an exhaustive study thereof in private. Coloring slightly she laughs up at him and says: "You said I neither knew how nor would dare to be original. What now?" His answer is not audible, but they pass on smilingly. In another minute they brace themselves to meet a breaker, and mademoiselle of the toes disappears to make her bow to the little fishes and her sister sea nymphs.

What's In a Name.

Jimmy—Polly want a cracker?
Polly—Bet yer life! Is it a cream wafer or an oyster cracker?



Jimmy—Naw; a fire cracker!—*Puck.*

Funny Fact and Fiction.

Mr. Blawbah—Yaas, I've—aw seen aw good mawny tigaws while in thaw Indies, yaw knaw.

Mrs. Clawbah—So have I.

Mr. Blawbah—Might I—aw awsk Wheaw?

Miss Clawbah—On coaches at the races.

"Abner, how many feet make one rood?"

"Make one rude, my dear! One foot may sometimes make one civil."

On board Chauncy Gotham's yacht.

Miss Boston—I do think this is just a motherly zephyr.

Chauncy Gotham—I beg pardon, I don't believe I quite catch your meaning, Miss Boston.

Miss Manhattan—You aren't on to the Hub vernacular at all; she means a spanking breeze.

The widow is less selfish than the maiden, for, while the latter is always looking out for No. 1, she is satisfied in watching for No. 2.

First Tramp—Did the barkeep chuck you out for eating up all the free lunch?

Second Tramp—Naw. All de plates wuz scraped clean, an' he thought I wuz tryin' ter be fresh by axin' him fer a toothpick.

Pastor (preaching a funeral sermon)—The fate of the unfortunate woman whose mortal remains lie before me should be a warning to all fashionable young ladies. She died from the baneful effects of hair dye.

Scott Act County Citizen (who happened to be in the congregation, shaking his head solemnly)—That's so. It's always best to look at the label before drinking.

Jiggs—This execution by electricity scheme will be a great thing for the moral welfare of the hangman.

Figgs—How so?

Jiggs—Why, they'll never touch another drop.

Mrs. Cobwigger—How rebellious young children are, to be sure.

Cobwigger—You must remember, my dear, that is the time when they are up in arms.

Frenchman (proudly)—You have not in ze German empire anything so tall as ze great Eiffel Tower.

German (indignantly)—No, und you don't got noddings so stout like Limburger cheese!

Tom—Hello, Tagg. What's that sign on your front door for, No Admittance Except on Business?

Tagg—There have been so many young men calling on my daughters, and their visits have been so fruitless that I have adopted this means to reduce the surplus.

Born in Halifax.—Westerner—There's a rising man!

Tenderfoot—Come from the yeast?

Baby Bessie (on a Pullman car)—Didn't you call this car a sleeper, mamma?

Mamma—Yes dear.

Baby Bessie—I think you must have made a mistake and got on the waker. I can't get asleep.

She (referring to a lady who is leading a dog)—That little dog doesn't seem to know where it is going.

He—No wonder. The poor little thing is being miss led.

Verdant—What makes the editor of the funny column always so cross.

Berdant—Because he's always out of humor.

Mrs. Tipple (to doctor after he has examined the insensible form of Mr. Tipple)—What is it, doctor? Catilepsy?

Physician—No; a case of Grand Sec.

"And you do really love me, Charlie?"

"Love you, Madge? With all my heart and soul."

"Well, I'm glad to hear you say so, but——"

"But what? Surely you cannot have any doubt of the sincerity of my affection?"

"Not exactly. Still——

"Still what?"

"Well, I thought if you had loved me you would have a—that is to say—I think—I thought, you know, you would have kissed me before this—that is——

"Upon my soul, Madge, knowing you were a girl graduate I didn't dare to, but here goes now, you bet——

Let the curtain fall.

A Child's Remedy for a Mother's Grief.

Not many days ago a gentleman had taken affectionate leave of his wife and daughter for a three months' trip abroad. The child, a lovely little girl of two and a half years, stood by a chair with her thumb in her mouth—a favorite pastime, and, to her, a panacea for all her childish ills. She watched her mother for a few moments, saw the tears filling the lovely eyes and dropping one by one from her cheeks, then went to her side, and with a comforting tone, looking pityingly up to her face, said: "Mamma, suck 'oo fum!" As if nothing could so much comfort her.

Eager For Absorption.

Citizen (to tramp)—Poor fellow! You look as if you had been in the soup.

Tramp (half famished)—For heaven's sake, tell me on which side to open my mouth.

Lawn Tennis.

In the spring of 1875, a young lady returning from a winter trip to Bermuda, brought home the first lawn tennis outfit that had been brought into the United States. From that small beginning sprang lawn tennis clubs without number in a very short time. Whenever ladies and gentlemen meet in friendly contest on the field of outdoor sport, drama becomes a very important and interesting branch of the subject. In this critical and inventive age, it was but natural that a bright and graceful sport like lawn tennis should attract to itself a correspondingly bright and graceful costume. The style of garments worn are for coat a single breasted sack made without lining, and the trousers sufficiently loose to afford free and easy motion, and yet not so ample as to appear baggy. They should be supported by a silk belt or sash—never with suspenders. The class of goods most fashionably worn is the plain cream or white serge, and sometimes with a little color, a stock of which I have just imported especially for this season. Remember the fashionable West End Tailor, Henry A. Taylor, No. 1 Rossin House Block, Toronto.

At Thomas' European restaurant and English chop-house, Keachie & Co. have inaugurated a table d'hote dinner, from 12 to 3 o'clock. As everyone knows, the bill of fare offered at the Chop-house is not excelled in this city, and the price of the dinner is only 40c, or six tickets for $2. As this is the only table d'hote dinner given at any of the first-class restaurants, and the price has been placed so low there is no doubt of its success.

BARGAINS FOR EVERYBODY

The bankrupt stock of F. Qua & Co., 49 King Street West, consisting of Toys, Games, Books, Fancy Goods, etc., has been removed to

Rosenbaum's Bazaar, 159 King St. East

and will be disposed of at great reductions. Camp Beds, Tennis, Racquets, Balls, Nets and Shoes, Boxing Gloves, Fishing Tackle, etc., in great variety.

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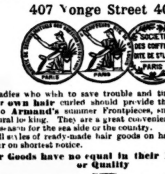

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BY M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "Vixen," "Like and Unlike," "The Fatal Three," etc.

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CHAPTER XXVIII.—CONTINUED.

The cob was all the fresher for the impatience which he had suffered in standing for nearly an hour in the lane, and he bowled the dogcart along the level roads at a tremendous pace. Theodore arrived at the Priory before eleven, and found Juanita sitting on the lawn with her baby in her lap, and Sultan at her side. His heart leapt with gladness at the sight of her sitting there, calm and happy, in the morning sunshine, for his morbid imagination had been at work as he drove along, and he had been haunted by hideous visions of some swift and bloody act which might be done by the fugitive madwoman before he could reach the Priory. What deed might not be done by a woman in the state of mind which that woman must have been in when she left the evidence of her crime and the admission of her crime upon the table and the bed of her house in the morning? A silent thanksgiving went up from his heart to his God, as he saw Juanita sitting in the sunshine, smiling at him, holding out her hand to him in surprised welcome. She was safe, and it was his business to guard her against that deadly enemy. He knew now whence the danger was to come—whose the hand he had to fear. It was no longer a nameless enemy, an inscrutable peril from which he had to defend her.

"How early you are, Theodore. Everybody is well, I hope—there is nothing wrong at home!"

"No, everyone is well. Your father is going to London for a few days, and your mother is coming to stay with you during his absence, and I come to throw myself on your hospitality while she is here. His lordship has heard of some suspicious characters in my neighbourhood, and he has taken it into his head that it will be well for you to have me as your guest until your brothers-in-law come to you for the shooting. I hope you won't mind having me, Juanita!"

"Mind, no, I am delighted to have you, and my mother, too. I was beginning to feel rather lonely, and had half decided on carrying baby off to Swanage. Isn't he a fortunate boy to have two doating grandmothers?" She checked herself with a sudden sigh, remembering in what respect the richly-dowered infant was so much poorer than other babies. "Yes, darling," she murmured, bending over the sleeping face, rosy amidst its lace and ribbons as it nestled against her arm. "Yes, there is plenty of love for you upon earth, my fatherless one, and, who knows, perhaps his love watching over you in heaven."

After this maternal interlude she remembered the obligations of hospitality.

"Have you breakfasted, Theo. You must have left Cheriton so very early."

"Theodore did not tell her how early, but he confessed to having only taken a cup of tea.

"Then I will order some breakfast out here for you. It is such a perfect morning! Sit here and I will stay with you while you take your breakfast."

She called the nurse, who was close by, and gave her orders, and presently the gipsy table was brought out, and a cosy breakfast was arranged upon the shining damask, and Theodore was having his coffee poured out for him by the loveliest hands he had ever seen, while the nurse paraded up and down the lawn with the newly awakened baby.

"I cannot understand my father taking an alarm of that kind," Juanita said presently, after a thoughtful silence. "It is so unlike him. As if any harm could come to me from tramps and gipsies, or even professional burglars with half a dozen mensservants in the house, and all my valuable jewels at the bank! Theo, does it mean anything?" she asked suddenly. "Does it mean that my father has found out something about the murder?"

He was silent, painfully embarrassed by this home question. To answer it would be to break faith with Lord Cheriton; to refuse to answer was in some manner to break his promise to Juanita.

"I must ask you to let me leave that question unanswered for a few days, Juanita," he said. "Whatever discovery has been made it is your father's discovery, and not mine. His lips alone can tell it to you."

"You know who murdered my husband?"

"No, Juanita, I know nothing. The light we are following may be a false one."

He remembered how many lying confessions of crime had been made by lunacy since the history of crime began—how poor distraught creatures, who would not have killed a worm, had taken upon themselves the burden of notorious assassinations, and had put the police to the trouble of proving them self accusing perjurers. Might not Mrs. Porter be such an one as these?

"Ah! but you are following some new light—you are on the track of his murderer!"

"I think we are. But you must be patient, Juanita. You must wait till your father may choose to speak. The business is out of my hands now, and has passed into his."

"And he is going to London to-day, you say—he is going upon that business!"

"I have said too much already, Juanita. I entreat you to ask me no more."

She gave an impatient sigh, and turned from her cousin to the dog, as if he were the more interesting companion of the two.

"Well, I suppose I must be content to wait," she said; "but if you know what I have suffered—what I shall suffer till that mystery is solved—you would not wonder if I feel angry at being kept in the dark. Has your friend gone back to London?"

"Yes, but he is coming again before my holiday is over. You like him, I know, Juanita," he added, looking at her somewhat earnestly.

"Yes, I like him," she answered carelessly, but with no suspicion of a blush. "I suppose most people like him, do they not? He is so bright and clever."

"I am very glad you like him. He is the most valued friend I have—indeed, I might almost say he is the only friend I made for myself at the University. I made plenty of acquaintances, but very few I cared to meet in after-life. Hannay was like a brother, he would have been a real grief to me if our friendship had not lasted."

"He is ambitious, is he not?"

"Very ambitious."

"And proud?"

"Very proud; but it is a noble pride—the pride that keeps a man standing upon his own basis—the pride that prefers bread and cheese in a garret to turtle and venison at a parvenu's table. He is a splendid fellow, Nita, and I am proud of his friendship."

"Is he very busy, that he should be so determined to leave Dorchester?"

"Yes, he is full of work always. I thought he might have been content to take two or three weeks' quiet reading in our sleepy old town, but he wanted to get back to his hobby. He will come back for a day or two when the whim seizes him. He has always been erratic in his pleasures, but steady as a rock in his work."

CHAPTER XXIX.

"The heaviness and guilt within my bosom
Takes off my manhood."

Lord Cheriton put the pistol case under his arm, and left the cottage. The case was covered by his loose summer overcoat, and anybody meeting him in the park might have supposed that he was carrying a book, or might have failed to observe that he was carrying anything whatever. As it happened he met nobody between the west gate and the house. He went in at the open window of the library, locked the pistol case in one of the capacious drawers of the large writing table-drawers which contained many of his most important documents, and which were provided with Chubb's most invincible locks.

When this was done he went to his wife's morning room, where she was generally to be found at this hour, her light breakfast finished, and her newspaper reading or letter writing begun.

"Where have you been so early, James?" she asked, looking up at him with an affectionate smile. "I was surprised to hear you had gone out before breakfast."

He looked at her in silence for a few moments—lost in thought. The beautiful and gracious face turned towards him in gentle inquiry had never frowned upon him in all their years of wedded life. Never had that tranquil affection failed him. There had been no dramatic passion in their love, no fierce alternations of despair and bliss—no doubts, no jealousies. His girlish wife had given herself to him in implicit trustfulness, fond of him, and proud of him, believing in him with a faith second only to her faith in God. For three-and-twenty years of cloudless wedded life she had made his days happy. Never in all those years had she given him reason for one hour of doubt or trouble. She had been his loving and loyal helpmate, sharing his hopes and his ambitions, caring for the house he cared for, respecting even his prejudices, shaping her life in all things to please him.

Great heaven! what a contrast with that other woman whose fiery and exacting love had made his life subordinate to hers—whose jealousy had claimed the total surrender of all other ties, of all other pleasures, and had hurled him off from all the advantages of society, had deprived him of the power to make friends among his fellow-men, had kept him a solitary outcast, accepting nothing less than a complete isolation from all that men hold best in life.

He looked at his wife's calm beauty—where scarce a line upon the fresh and white forehead marked the progress of years—the soft gazelle-like eyes lifted so meekly to meet his own—and compared this placid face with that other face, handsome too after its fashion—long after the bloom of youth had gone—but marked in every feature with the traces of a woman in whose character there were none of the elements of domestic happiness—or in a word the face of a Strangway, the daughter of a perverse and unhappy race, from whose line no life or happiness and well-doing had arisen within the memory of man.

"My dear Maria, I was wrong in not leaving a message. I went out to Mrs. Porter's cottage. She has gone away in rather a mysterious manner."

"Gone away!"

"Yes, that in itself is rather astonishing, you know; but there was something so strange and abrupt in her manner of leaving that I feel it my duty to look after her. I shall go up to town by the mid-day train. I have other business which may keep me in London for a few days, till the shooting begins, perhaps. I have sent Theodore to the Priory to tell Juanita that you are going to her this afternoon, and that you will stay with her during my absence."

"That is disposing of me rather as if I were a chattel," said his wife, smiling.

"I knew you would be glad of a few days' quiet baby-worship at the Priory, and I knew this house would be dull for you without any visitors."

"Yes, there is always a gloom upon the house when you are away—a much deeper gloom since last summer. No sooner am I alone than I begin to think of that terrible night when my poor girl saw her murdered husband lying at her feet. Yes, James, you were right in sending away the nurse. I am happy at the Priory with my darling—and she can never again be happy with me in this house."

Lord Cheriton breakfasted in his wife's room—it was only an apology for breakfast, for he was too agitated to eat; but he refreshed himself with a cup of strong tea, and he enjoyed the restfulness of his wife's companionship while he sat there waiting for the announcement of the carriage which was to take him to Wareham.

"What makes you so uneasy about Mrs. Porter?" Lady Cheriton asked presently.

"The suddenness and strangeness of her departure, in the first place. It would have been only natural she should have communicated with you or me before she left. And, in the second place, I have been made uneasy by an observation of Mr. Ramsay's. He has conceived the opinion that Mrs. Porter is not altogether right in her mind—that there is a strain of madness."

"Oh, James, that would be dreadful!"

"Yes, it would be dreadful to think of her wandering about alone—the very fact that she has hardly left that cottage for the last twenty years, except to go to Weymouth for a day, shows the restfulness of his wife's companionship while he sat there waiting for the announcement of the carriage which was to take him to Wareham.

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He had ample leisure for thought during that three hours' journey, leisure to live over again that life of long ago which had been brought so vividly back to his memory by the events of today. He had made it his business to forget that past life, so far as forgetfulness was possible, with that living reminder for ever at his gate. Habit had even reconciled him to the presence of Mrs. Porter at the west lodge. Her supreme quietude had argued her contentment. Never by so much as one imprudent word, or one suspicious look, had she betrayed to his wife's doubts as to her past relations with her employer. She had been accepted by all the little world of Cheriton, she had behaved in the most exemplary manner; and although he had never driven in at the west gate, and seen her standing there in her attitude of lowly humility, without a pang of remorse and a stinging sense of shame, yet that sharp moment of pain being past, he was able to submit to her existence as the one last forfeit he had to pay for his sin. And now he knew that the statue-like calm of her face, as she had looked up at him in the clear light, under the branching beeches, had been only the mask of hidden fires—that through all those years in which she had seemed the image of quiet resignation, of submission to a mournful fate, she had been garnering up her vengeance to wreak it upon the offender in his most unguarded hour, piercing the breast of the father through the innocent heart of the child. He knew now that hatred had been for ever at his door, that angry pride had watched his going and coming out, under the guise of humility—that by day and by night hideous thoughts had been busy in that hyper-active brain, which thoughts as point the way to madness and to crime.

When he had made up his mind to break his promise to Evelyn Darcy, and to marry another woman, fifteen years her junior, he had told himself that the wrench once made, the link once sundered, all would be over. She would submit as other women have submitted to the common end of such ties. She could not deem herself more unfortunate than those other women had been, since his attachment had endured far longer than the common span of illicit loves. He had been patient and faithful and unselfish in his devotion for more than a decade. He would have gone on waiting perhaps had there been a ray of hope; but Tom Darcy had shown a malignant persistence in keeping alive, and in letting her Tom Darcy dead how bitter a thing it would be for the fashionable Queen's Counsel to enter society with a wife of damaged character. In the old days of hopefulness and fond love they had told each other that the stain upon the past need never be known in that brilliant future to which they both looked forward; but now he told himself that despite their secluded life the facts of the past would come out. People would insist upon finding out who Mr. Dalbrook's wife was. It would not be enough to say, "She is there—handsome, clever, and a lady." Society would peer and pry into the background of her life. Whose daughter was she? Had she been married before? And in that case who was her husband? Were had she lived before her recent marriage? Had she been in the colonies or on the continent all this time that society had seen nothing of her?

Those inevitable questions would have made his life a burden and her life an agony. James Dalbrook himself, even had Darcy been so complaisant as to die and leave them free to rehabilitate their position by marriage; but Darcy had shown no disposition to drop and not over here was a lovely girl with a fortune willing to marry him—a girl to whom his heart had gone out, despite his conscientious endeavor to be faithful to his old attachment.

To-day in his agony of remorse and apprehension, he could recall the scene of their severance as well as if it had happened yesterday.

He had gone home in the chill March twilight, that depressing twilight when the pale spring flowers, daffodils, primroses, and narcissus are lighting their ineffectual battle with the cutting east wind, when the sparrows have taken the hearts of all the creatures, and the scanty grass in suburban gardens is white with dust, when the too-early lighted lamps have a chill look in the wind swept streets, and the neglected fires in suburban drawing-rooms are more dismal than fireless hearths.

Camberwell Grove was not at its best in this black March season. The trees had been when the long narrow garden at Myrtle Cottage was carefully kept, and when Evelyn had taken a pride in the old fashioned flowers and earlier the blossoming creepers upon the verandah, but for the last two or three years she had been careless and indifferent, and one jobbing gardener having left the neighborhood, she had taken no pains to get another in his place; nor had she done any of that weeding and watering and pruning which had at one time helped to shorten the long light evenings. A weariness of all things had come upon her, tired out with long years of hopeless dull days.

He had refused Don Jose's pressing invitation to dine in Onslow square. He had turned his back upon the warm brightness of a newly furnished drawing-rooms, and an atmosphere of hothouse flowers, great rush baskets of tulips, hyacinths and narcissus, low vases of lilies of the valley, and Parma violets; and he had seen all this brightness and color the beautiful Spanish girl, with her pale, clear complexion and lustrous dark eyes. He had left the newly betrothed wife reluctant to let him go, in order to face the most painful crisis that can occur in any man's life; in order to tell the woman who had trusted and loved him that love was at an end between them; that the bond was broken, and his promise of no account.

"I shall be home earlier, James," she said, opening the door to him.

It was rarely that the door was opened by a servant when he went home. She was always waiting for his knock.

"Yes, it is late, I know. I have been detained. I have lingered a little on the way—I walked from the West End."

"What, all the way? By the Walworth road, that low neighborhood you dislike so much?"

"I did not care to walk fast, Evelyn. I was too miserable to think about my surroundings."

"Miserable," she asked, looking at him searchingly, and growing pale as she looked, as if the pallor of his face reflected itself in hers. "What should make you miserable?"

They were standing in the drawing-room, where the moderator-lamp upon the table shone bright and clear upon his troubled face.

"You have lost your money, perhaps—you have speculated—you won't be able to buy Cheriton Chase," she said breathlessly.

"Nonsense, Evelyn. Don't you know that you have the deposit notes for every pound I ever saved locked up in your desk."

"Ah, I forgot—the speculation—you may have ruined yourself, all the same."

"I have not ruined myself that way, Evelyn. Oh! for God's sake forgive me, pity me if you can. I have engaged myself to a girl who loves me, though I am twenty years her senior; a girl who is proud of me and believes in me. My engagement means a new and happy life for me, and may mean release for you—who knows! We have neither of us been happy lately. I think we have both felt that the end must come."

She laid her hand upon his breast, holding the lappel of his coat tightly with her thin white fingers, as if she would pin him there for ever, looking straight into his eyes, with her own eyes dilated and flaming.

"You are a coward and a traitor!" she said, between her clenched teeth. "You are lying, and you know you are lying. The tie has grown weaker for you, perhaps—not for me. For me every year has strengthened it—for me every hope I have has pointed to one future—the future in which I am to be your wife. You know what my husband's habits are—you know what his life is worth as compared with yours. You know that we must be near the end of our probation, that suddenly, without an hour's warning, we may hear of his death, and you will be free to give me the name and place I have earned by ten years' fidelity, and patience, and self-denial. You know this, and that my life is bound up in yours; that I cannot exist without you. Except as the most miserable of women; that I have not a friend in the world, nor a hope in the world, not an ambition in the world but you; and you look me in the face, with those dull cold eyes, and tell me you have engaged yourself to a girl twenty years your junior, that you are going to cast me off—me, your wife of ten years—more than wife in devotion, more than wife in self-sacrifice——"

"God knows the sacrifice was mutual, Evelyn. If there has been surrender on your side there has been surrender on mine. I have turned my back upon society just at the time when it would have been most enjoyable and most valuable. But I won't even try to excuse myself. I have acted very badly—I deserve the worst you can say of me. I thought I was sure of myself, I thought I was rock; but the hour of temptation came, and I was not strong enough to withstand it. Be generous, Evelyn. Clasp hands and forgive me. Wherever I am and whatever I do your welfare shall be my first, most sacred care. The money I have saved shall be invested for your benefit—shall be secured to your use and your daughter's after you."

"Money, benefit," she cried wildly. "How dare you talk to me of money? How dare you put my wrongs in the balance against your filthy, sordid money? Do you think money can help me to forget you—or to hate myself less than I do for having loved and trusted you?"

And then followed a paroxysm of passionate despair at the memory of which, after all the intervening years of peace and prosperity, wedded love and deadened conscience, his soul shrank cold. He found himself face to face with a woman's frenzy, impotent to comfort or to tranquilize her. There was a moment when he had to exert brute force to prevent her dashing her brains out against the wall.

All through that long, hideous night he watched by her, and pleaded with her, and guarded her from her own violence. At one time he was on his knees before her, offering to give up the desire of his heart, to break his solemn engagement of a few hours old, and to remain true to her till the end of time; but she spurned his offered sacrifice.

"What, now that I know you love another woman—what, keep you by my side, while I know your heart is elsewhere—what, have you mine by the strength of a chain, like a galley-slave linked to his jail-companion, knowing that you hate me. Not for world—not to be a duchess. No, no, no! The wrong is done—the wrong was in withdrawing your love. There is no such thing as faithfulness from you to me. All is over."

He argued against himself—implored her to accept his sacrifice.

"I would do anything in this world, pay any price, rather than see such unhappiness as I have seen to-night," he said, standing in the cold, gray dawn, haggard and aged by the long night of agony, beside the bed where that convulsed form lay writhing, with tear-disfigured face, lips wounded and blood-stained, strained eye-balls, and disheveled hair.

She was adamant against his pleading.

"You cannot give me back my trust in you. I am not the coarse, common creature you think me. I do not want to keep your dull clay, when your soul has gone to another. I will show you that I can live without you."

This was the beginning of a calmer mood, which he was fain to welcome, though he knew in his heart that it was the icy calmness of despair. Before the world was astir in Camberwell Grove, she had grown curiously quiet and rational. She had bathed her disfigured features, and bound up her hair. She was clothed and in her right mind again; and sat quietly listening while he told her the story of his temptation, and how this new love had crept into his heart unawares, and how an innocent girl's native preference had flattered him into fondness for the result to a girl who loves me, though I am twenty years her senior; a girl who is proud of me and believes in me. My engagement means a new and happy life for me, and may mean release for you—who knows! We have neither of us been happy lately. I think we have both felt that the end must come."

She laid her hand upon his breast, holding the lappel of his coat tightly with her thin white fingers, as if she would pin him there for ever, looking straight into his eyes, with her own eyes dilated and flaming.

"You are a coward and a traitor!" she said, between her clenched teeth. "You are lying, and you know you are lying. The tie has grown weaker for you, perhaps—not for me. For me every year has strengthened it—for me every hope I have has pointed to one future—the future in which I am to be your wife. You know what my husband's habits are—you know what his life is worth as compared with yours. You know that we must be near the end of our probation, that suddenly, without an hour's warning, we may hear of his death, and you will be free to give me the name and place I have earned

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SUCH AS

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the whole physical energy of the human frame. These are facts fully attested by thousands in all classes of society; and one of the best guarantees to the Nervous and Debilitated is that Beecham's Pills have the Largest sale of any Patent Medicine in the World. Full directions with each Box.

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faint laugh.

He went across to Boulogne with her by the night mail, established her in a private hotel in the Grand Place, and left her there within an hour of their landing, with a pocket book containing a hundred pounds in her lap. Nothing could exceed his tenderness in this parting; nor could any man's compassion for a woman he had ceased to love be deeper than his. He was full of thoughtfulness for her future. He implored her to think of him as her devoted friend, to whom her welfare was of the utmost importance, to call upon him unhesitatingly for any help in any extreme of life which she might make for herself.

"I shall warehouse your furniture at the Pantechnicon, so that wherever you fix your future abode it may be conveyed there," he said. "We took some pains in choosing those things, and you may prefer them to newer, and even better furniture. Write to me when you have made your choice of a new home."

"Home," she echoed, and that was all.

"When you have settled down and settled down there, you will have Mercy to share your life will you not," he pleaded. "The child will be a companion to you."

"A comfort, yes. She was born under such happy conditions—she has such reason to be proud of her parents! Mercy—Mercy what? She must have some kind of surname, I suppose, before she is much older. What is she to be called?"

"You are very cruel, Evelyn. What does a name matter?"

"Everything. A name means a history. Should I be here—and you bidding me good-bye—if my name were Dalbrook? It is just because my name is not Dalbrook that you can cast me adrift—like a rotten boat which a man sends down the stream to be stranded on a mudbank, and moulder there piece-meal, inch by inch."

(To be Continued.)

The "Kicker" Can Wait.

While selling Mrs. Colonel Prescott four pounds of spring lamb for half a dollar the other day Constable Button entered and asked us to step across the street to the office of Esquire Williams. We obeyed the request, and were at once served with a warrant charging us with keeping bales of hay on the sidewalk in front of the *Kicker* office to the detriment of pedestrians. As it well knew we run a grocery, feed store, harness shop, bazaar and music house in connection with the *Kicker*, and he may as well go out for a walk. We tried, convicted and fined $9—the grossest outrage ever perpetrated in the name of law.

We shall be even yet, time. The law shall begin next week and show 'Squire Williams up as a drunkard, dead beat, absconder, embezzler and perjurer, and if we can't drive him out of the country in six weeks we will forfeit a lung. The man who made the complaint did it to get even with us for refusing to lend him our only button-hooked shirt. From this out he is a marked man. We will begin on him next week, and we'll bet ten to one he hangs himself inside of a month.—*Detroit Free Press.*

L'Enfant Terrible.

Johnny Freshly—Say, pa, pinch Mr. Green now, will you, before I have to go to bed.

Freshly (of 'chance, who is entertaining Mr. Green, a future victim)—What do you mean, Johnny?

Johnny—Why, I heard you tell ma this noon, that we must be very agreeable to Mr. Green, because you were going to pinch him pretty soon.

He Wanted To Play On It.

Guest—Who kept up that terrific pounding on the piano last night?

Host—It was next door.

Guest—A great annoyance, isn't it?

Host—I should say that it is. I'd like to play on that piano for about an hour—with a hose.

Different Views of an Ideal.

She—You must not think me fickle for refusing you, but the man I marry must come up to my ideal. He must have all the virtues of a knight-errant.

He—That's all right, my dear. I'll introduce you to my brother, who is studying for the ministry. Just the fellow you want. He is the fool of the family.

Persa's Potentate.

Punsley—Why is the Shah like a king maker?

Slowbodde—I didn't know he was—why?

Punsley—Because wherever he goes he seems to leave a great potent hate behind him.

There was a sound of a heavy blow, and the waiters gathered up of the fragments that remained six baskets full.

In The Way

"Mercy on me! how you startled me! I declare, you are always in the way!"

Miss Eliza Hannaway had gone to the window in the half-light of an autumn afternoon, merging into evening, and on drawing the heavy curtain, a little figure that had been curled up in the corner of the deep window-seat started up.

"I was reading."

"Reading! Tennyson!—no, Shakespeare! You are always fooling away your time."

Then Alma flashed out:

"You won't let me do anything else with it. I would like to help any of you, but you won't let me."

"I guess not, indeed. We don't want anything spoiled."

Alma, taking up her book, went meekly to her own room.

There were four Misses Hannaway—Eliza, Matilda, Agnes and Alma—but the oldest three looked upon Alma as an intruder, a waif, a burden thrown upon them most unwarrantably.

Their mother was a Harmes, who had doubled their father's income when she married him. They were all handsome women, and notable housewives. Little Alma's mother was nobody—a girl who stood in a store. After the first Mrs. Hannaway died there was never any deficiency in the housekeeping; the widower's wardrobe was kept in spotless order, and all Ridgewood wondered at the capacity of the three girls.

But, like their mother, they were smart, active, bustling, but without any of the softness that vents itself in caresses and tender words. They loved their father in their own hard fashion, but they had a sort of contempt for his gentleness, his quiet ways, and his tender heart. When he married a mite of a blue-eyed girl, they were furious, and when baby Alma had the audacity to appear, their wrath knew no bounds.

Very soon the little wife drooped under the continual ill-temper and fault finding, and faded away, meekly and uncomplainingly, as she had lived. Then the father took the wee baby into his heart of hearts. For seventeen years the two were inseparable.

A close student, devoted to books, Mr. Hannaway found keen delight in training Alma's quick intellect, and leading her along the dry paths of knowledge, made delightful by loving converse and clear explanation.

Being a man of moderate fortune, Mr. Hannaway allowed his older children all the privileges of society, and his pleasant country seat was a favorite resort for young people. Suitors came, but went away. There was something about the three handsome, smart girls that did not attract lovers, and when their father died they were all still unmarried.

If they had never loved Alma before, be sure it added nothing to their affections to find their father's will left her an equal fourth of his estate. They felt themselves defrauded, her mother having added nothing to their father's property, but they were too polite to turn the child away, though they made her feel herself an intruder every hour.

Utterly desolate when her father was taken away, Alma turned to her books and her music for comfort, shutting herself in the library for hours, reading or practicing upon the piano that was her last birthday gift from her father.

"I do not care to go into the parlor whenever I want you to play for me, darling," he said, "so we will have a music-box of our own in the library."

And the library was now her very own. Every article it contained was left to her in her father's will, and she could feel that here, at least, she had a right to be.

But books and music, after all, will not feed a starving heart, and Alma drooped and faded visibly. There was never a day when she was not made to feel that she was not welcome in her father's house, and a favorite form of torture was to taunt her with her mother's poverty, and remind her that she had no right to money that came from the Haynes estate.

Yet, although they gave her but little peace in her life, the sisters met in most indignant council one morning over a little note:

"I am going away where no one will tell me every day that I am 'in the way.' Mr. Carter will send me my quarterly payments, and see to my business. I will never trouble you again.

"ALMA."

Mr. Carter, Alma's guardian, would give no information as to her whereabouts, but introduced the family lawyer and had a settlement made of Mr. Hannaway's estate, that gave Alma certain lots in a neighboring city, and other property amounting to a fourth of the fortune left the sisters. The library was emptied, and its contents, with those of Alma's room, stored away.

It was useless to rage; the terms of the will were plain, and Alma disappeared from her home, while her guardian took strict care of her interests.

. . . . . .

"Bless me! What can the stage be stopping here for?" cried old Mrs. Hunter, taking off her glasses and staring at the unwonted apparition at the gate.

"Stopping here!" said Tom, a tall, fine-looking farmer of thirty-five or six. "Sure enough, mother, there it is, and a little lady getting out. Mother!"

"Oh, Tom!"

The exclamations fell from both as they caught sight of the lady's face, and a moment later both whispered softly:

"Helen!"

"It must be Alma, Tom," the old lady said, bustling to the door. And a moment afterwards Alma was folded close in a motherly embrace, feeling hot tears dropping on her face as a tender voice said:

"You must be Helen's little girl come to see her grandmother at last."

"Yes," she answered. "May I stay? I will not give any trouble."

"Trouble!" cried Tom. "You could not give us trouble. It will be like having Helen back again."

And with the welcome a new life opened for Alma. The farm was very small; the house old, shabby, and poorly furnished; but her grandmother and her uncle could not sufficiently show their love for the pale child who appealed to them so strongly.

In this atmosphere of love, in the pure, sweet air, Alma gained health and new beauty, and Tom, smiling roguishly, noticed that Charlie Willard, the young lawyer of Tent Haven, found a great deal of business in the immediate vicinity of Hunter's Farm.

"That young city chap that has set up a sign over in the village is uncommon fond of milk, mother," Tom would say.

"I saw Alma carry out a tumbler full four times to-day"; or, "What can a young lawyer find so interesting in feeding hens. I saw young Willard twice at the hen-house when Alma was feeding the poultry."

But Alma did not heed the mild teasing. A new, glorious happiness opened to her when Charlie Willard joined her in her walk or stopped at the farm. A man of twenty-five or six, he had been a close student, had traveled at home and abroad, was cultured and refined. He had met many fair girls, but never one so sweet and gentle as this little maiden who was the grandchild of old Mrs. Hunter. He wondered sometimes when she fully comprehended a Latin quotation, or spoke with easy familiarity of the works of German and French authors, but Alma was reticent about her past life, and Charlie, who had been but a year or two at Tent Haven, never doubted that her life had been passed at the old farm.

Love's Young Dream gilded the long winter evenings and glorified the opening of spring.

It was a quiet wooing, Uncle Tom keeping watch over his darling, grandmother gently sympathetic, and Charlie entirely devoted.

But with the summer days there came a change. Charlie came less and less to the farm, and, when there, was quiet and dull, never chatting in the old, bright way, nor planning for the future, with half hints of his hope as to who would share it. Alma wondered; Tom grimly watched for a chance to ask an explanation; grandmother was sure the poor fellow was ill.

But one June day, when Alma was in the woods, trying to still the dull pain at her heart, by getting very tired, Charlie Willard joined her.

"Alma," he said, gently taking her cold, trembling hands in his own, "I was going to run away, like a miserable coward, but I have resolved to speak out. I must go away, because my life here has become unbearable!"

She tried to speak, but no words would come.

"Oh," he said, with almost a groan, "do not let me think I make you unhappy, too! Listen, darling—you are my darling, my heart's love, Alma! When I was trying every device to win your heart, I was a rich man. I thought I could take my bride to a luxurious home, give her all money could buy for her, and take all care from her life. But I have lost everything at one blow. My lawyer in New York writes me that the investments involving all my property have proved absolutely ruinous. I must work my way to even competency, and I cannot ask you to bear the burden of poverty with me."

"Yet I will be your wife," was Alma's answer, "if you will let me share your life and your troubles."

"But, dearest, I have nothing. My practice here is a mere farce, and I must go where there is a thicker population, and earn my bread."

"Let me go with you."

And to Charlie's amazement, Mrs. Hunter and Tom repeated Alma's wish.

"My niece can meet her own modest expenses," Tom said, "and she loves you. I am sure she will be a help and not a burden."

And Charlie, dearly loving the sweet girl, gladly made her his wife. He scarcely understood himself, though Alma could have told him, how G— came to be selected as the city of their future residence: but on a lovely evening in July the young couple found themselves upon the platform of the G— Station, and Alma gave a hack driver some directions in a low voice.

"We are going to a friend's," she told Charlie. "Hotel bills are formidable."

The "friend's" house was a handsome one, evidently newly furnished. Two servants were in the hall; the open door of a dining-room showed a tempting repast already spread.

Drawing her husband into the drawing-room, Alma for the first time told him the story of her life.

"The lots that Mr. Carter secured for me proved to be very valuable, and he has bought this house for me, and invested a handsome sum in secure investments for me. This is our own house, Charlie, and I trust we shall find happiness here. I am sure, darling, you will never let me feel that I am 'in the way' here."

Charlie's answer need not be recorded.

It was ten years later when Miss Eliza Hannaway said to a dear friend:

"Yes, the Hon. Charles Willard's wife is our step-sister, not our own sister. She was a miserable, whining thing who cheated us out of our father's property, and I never could guess what any one saw to admire in her. She was always 'in the way' here, and after running away she never let us hear anything about her till she sent wedding cards."

He Could Catch Trout.

Seven amateur trout anglers from various places were lounging around a fisherman's resort the other afternoon, waiting for the weather to clear up. It had drizzled and poured at intervals all day, and the anxious anglers were in a gloomy mood, until a jolly Jerseyman came in on the stage. He was a stranger to them all, but he was chatty, hearty, rosy, very good natured, and full of animation, and he got acquainted with the group of idle fishermen in less than fifteen minutes. His arrival was like a burst of bright sunshine out of the cloudy sky; they all liked him from the start, and his presence put new life into the party.

He said he hadn't fished for trout in twenty years, and as his stay would necessarily have to be very short he was going right at the sport, no matter how much it might rain that afternoon. Then he retired to his room, and pretty soon he came downstairs rigged out in a brand new trouting outfit. He had one of the latest style of steel rods, that cost $6, a nickel-plated reel, a large creel, some of the gaudiest flies that any of the party had ever seen, and a silk umbrella. The fisherman were more deeply interested in the stranger than ever when they saw the umbrella and in low tones they expressed the opinion among themselves that he must certainly be as green a fisherman as he pretended to be. It was raining hard when the fat and jovial Jerseyman got ready to start, but he didn't hesitate a moment. As he raised his umbrella and rapidly strode away toward Tunhannock Creek he was a picturesque figure. When he was out of hearing there was much snickering on the porch, and these remarks were made:

"I'll bet he won't catch a trout."

"The idea of fishing with an umbrella!"

"Jersey against the world, gentlemen."

"He may surprise us all when he gets back."

"I'll bet the umbrella 'll bring him luck."

It began to look lighter after a little while, and an hour after the Jerseyman had sallied forth the rain ceased entirely. One by one the visiting anglers rigged up and sauntered down to a nice trout stream that ran through meadows and pastures within half a mile of the house. They were away for two hours or so, when they came straggling in through a copious rainfall that lasted until dusk. Every one of them was soaked to the skin, but not one of them had a single trout to show for his labor and drenching, and they put on dry clothing, filled their pipes, and waited for the plucky Jerseyman to make his appearance, wondering why in the mischief he didn't come in out of the rain and make himself sociable. At 5.30 the green fisherman was still absent, and they got the mistress of the house to postpone the regular supper hour until 7 o'clock.

Shortly after six the Jerseyman came tramping up the muddy road under his umbrella. There was a great bunch of big red roses on his round soft hat, and he looked more picturesque than when he started. The upper part of his clothing was dry, and he was very cheerful as the men sang out to him from the piazza. Spears of grass stuck out from under the lid of his basket. When he entered the gate the seven idle fishermen rushed out into the rain to see what he had caught. Under the fresh grass they found a basketful of plump trout, cleaned and dressed, and all ready for the cook to put over the fire.

"See what he has done!" one of them exclaimed. "He has cut the heads and tails off, by thunder! That shows how green a fisherman he is, but I'll be paralyzed if he hasn't got a bigger mess than any one of us has caught in a week."

It was even so, but the Jerseyman explained it by saying that he knew they would be hungry, and he had cut the heads and tails off so as to have them all ready for cooking. There were thirty-two trout in the basket, and the eight fishermen devoured them all in less than an hour. During the Jerseyman's stay of two days longer he caught more trout than any three of the others, and they declared that he was the jolliest and best-hearted angler they had ever met, even though he was a little green and awkward.—*New York Sun.*

A Healthy Climate.

Easterner—Is Nebraska a healthy State?

Nebraska Man—Healthy! Well, sir, there's an old man in Omaha named William Shakespeare, and hang me if I don't believe he's the original.

An Optimist.

Wife—This is the third time you have come home drunk this week.

Hubby—D-don't be so p-pessimistic, my dear. You should think of the four nights I came home sober.

A Popular Game.

First sweet girl—Let's get up a tennis club.

Second sweet girl—Yes, let's; the costumes are so becoming.

The Fault of the Bills.

Mrs. Fangle—How is it that circuses never come up to their advertisements?

Mr. Fangle—Because they are not billed that way.

'Twas Ever Thus.

He had had his little speech all written out for several days beforehand, and it ran like this: "I have called, Mr. Wealthyman, to tell you frankly that I love your daughter; and I have her assurance that my affection is returned, and I hope you will give your consent for her to become my wife. I am not a rich man, but we are young and strong, and are willing to fight the battle of life together; and—" there was a good deal more of it, and he could say it all glibly before he left home; but when he stood in the presence of papa Wealthyman, he said: "I—I—that is—I—Mr. Wealthyman—I tell you frankly that—that—I—your daughter loves me, and—that—I have called to—to—frankly ask you to—to—to—be my wife—er—er—that is—I—we—she—er—no—we are willing to fight—that is—we—we are young and can fight—er—no—I hope you understand me."

Roping in an Innocent Man with Dutch.

"An' fwhat sames to be the matter wid the Colonel, Mrs. O'Raherty? I did hear him grunt-in' siveral tolmes durin' the day."

"Indade, Mrs. O'Flaherty, it's very sick the Colonel is. He did fall in wid very bad company yiste'day. As he was comin' from church he did shop in a saloon beyant, an' wan of the fellies he say to the Colonel, saz he:

"'You understand some German, I belave?' 'Troth an' it's a big fool I would be,' says the Colonel, 'if I wouldn't understand some Ditch afther bein' wurrickin' on the shtrates wid 'em fur over twinty years.'

"'Then,' said the felly, 'fwhat's the English av "Fwas wollen sie haben?"'

"'Fwhat will ye have?' said the Colonel.

"An' thin ivery man in the house did yell 'Beer!' An' av coorse the Colonel did have to set thim up to the whole house; an' so an did they kape catchin' ivery wan that did come in wid their 'Fwas wollen sie haben?' until the whole town samed to be droonk; an' a sicker mon there nilver was than the Colonel was all last noight an' the whole av the day. It's a great shame it is to be ropin' in innocint min wid sich Ditch as that."

A Tall Subject.

The Eiffel Tower in Paris weighs the trifle of 6,500,000 kilogrammes (about 6,450 tons). The iron net work contains two and a half millions of rivets, and it is pierced with seven million holes. The number of steps leading to the very top is 1,792. The weight of the tower produces on the ground a pressure of two kilogrammes per square centimetre, whereas M. Eiffel, sitting in his armchair at his desk, exerts a pressure on the floor of four kilogrammes to the square centimetre. The tower has cost about five millions of francs, so that the price per kilo of the entire structure is less than one franc. If these five millions were piled up in 250,000 gold pieces of 20 francs, the column would reach exactly to the top of the tower.

A Contrary Man.

"Do you know," asked a woman at the Woodbridge street station the other day, "whether a small man with a lop shoulder and a cataract in his eye has been fished out of the river within the last two days?"

"No such case, ma'am."

"Has such a man been sent up?"

"Yes, we had him in here for drunkenness," answered the sergeant, after consulting the records.

"Just as I thought. He told me he was going to suicide, but he's the contrariest man in the world, and I figured that he would be in the workhouse instead of at the bottom of the river. I never make no mistakes on Jim."

Injured Sensibilities.

Foley—You're lookin' bad, Janesey.

Cassidy—Ot'm feelin' woorse, Terry. A grane-hor-rn in th' ditch hit me wid his pick, an' phin Oi wint aroun' th' carner thot Cohen he says, says he: "How are yez, Misther Hockhelmer?"—*Judge.*

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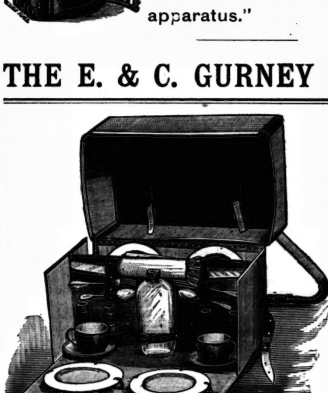

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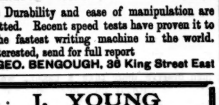

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Why So Many Poets?

The attention of those interested in Canadian literature has lately been directed to the extraordinary preponderance of poets over those who choose prose as the medium of expressing their ideas, among Canadian litterateurs. The question why this should be the case is being freely discussed. One reason, perhaps the principal, we take it is that so large a proportion of those anxious to pose as literary men or women have no real "call"—if we may borrow a theological expression—in that direction. They do not write spontaneously because they have something to say, but because they wish to attract attention to themselves and win fame in the literary field. Self-consciousness pervades their productions throughout. They have no particular message which they feel impelled to deliver—no genuine inspiration, but simply a greater or less degree of literary culture and the ability to construct sentences without grammatical solecisms. Their impelling motive is the desire to shine in the literary firmament. This being their outfit for the work they naturally—like Silas Wegg—"drop into poetry." Threadbare ideas and borrowed illustrations which would not pass muster in prose are tolerable in a metrical dress, where careful attention to form and style can disguise the poverty of the matter. Therefore we have so-called "poets" by the hundred, while men of conspicuous ability in constructive prose literature can be counted on one's fingers. Furthermore the practical work of journalism absorbs many men of talent who devote to ephemeral writing which brings them no permanent reputation—but what is of more immediate importance, a fair salary—the ability which might otherwise enable them to take rank as novelists, historians or political economists. The work that many of them do, transient and hurried as it is—as journalists, is quite as good or better of its kind than much of the poetry so lavishly praised as entitling its author to rank among the producers of literature. In fact the Canadian poetry business is being run into the ground. It is absurd to hail every ambitious young writer who has the very common faculty of putting his—or some one's else—ideas in verse without violating the laws of metre and rhythm as a Canadian Burns or Beranger. Poetry should be judged like prose by the thought it embodies rather than the mere form of expression. Tried by this standard the redundant crop of native bards would be a good deal thinned.

Echo Men.

There is no greater bore than a human echo that repeats assentingly whatever one suggests or asserts. It is a nuisance to be always coincided with. A man of sense likes to argue his points and prove his positions. The whetstone of opposition sharpens his wits; but if met with a continual affirmative iteration of his own words, his game is blocked, and he is, so to speak, dumbfounded. On the contrary, a sententious, "No, I don't think so," puts a man on his mettle. If wrong, he has a chance of being set right; if right, of enjoying an honest triumph. To be in company with one who has no opinion but your opinion is as bad as being caged with a macaw.

If you ask an individual in the habit of agreeing with everybody the reason of his complaisance, he may tell you, perhaps, that he hates controversy. Hates controversy! He might as well say he hates truth, for disputation is the crucible in which the gold of truth is separated from the alloy of error. How many things were taken for granted in former ages that modern argument has shown to be mere fallacies.

The grand object of a man of mind is to acquire knowledge; but he can learn nothing from those who are always ready to pin their faith on his sleeve without taking the trouble to think for themselves. We detest the suavity that is too polite to doubt, and the indifference that is too phlegmatic to argue.—*Ledger.*

We ought not to judge of men's merits by their qualifications, but by the use they make of them.

There are many that despise half the world; but if there be any that despise the whole of it, it is becau se the other half despises them.

He that hath a trade, hath an estate; and he that hath a calling, hath a place of profit and honor. A ploughman on his legs, is higher than a gentleman on his knees.

Procrastination has been called a thief—the thief of time. I wish it were no worse than a thief. It is a murderer; and that which it kills is not time merely, but the immortal soul.

It is poor encouragement to toil through life to amass a fortune to ruin your children. In nine cases out of ten a large fortune is the greatest curse which could be bequeathed to the young and inexperienced.

A good talker should be a ready listener, a skilful cross-examiner, eager to discover his companion's interests and clever in drawing him out, while ready when needed to draw on his own resources. A bad talker invariably either wants to be a monopolist or creates a sense of unreality by too ready acquiescence when a little opposition would fan the flame, or else, perhaps, falls into the most stupid of errors, a morbid striving after accuracy.

MUSIC

The Canadian Society of Musicians held its fifth annual convention in this city, last week, with a fairly large attendance. The essays this year were of exceptional excellence, both in theirtopicsand in the manner of treatment. Mr. H. Guest Collins read one on The Formation and Management of Church Choirs, which was full of thought and suggestion; and Mr. J. E. P. Aldous of Hamilton read one on The Formation and Management of Choral Societies, which was no less rich in valuable ideas. Mrs. Bigelow, Mus. Bac., contributed a paper on The Growth and Influence of Music, Considered from its National Standpoint, which showed considerable research and reflection, while Mr. Giuseppe Dinelli read an essay on The Violin, which gave us a most interesting amount of information concerning that most charming of instruments. Mr. W. E. Fairclough, F. C. O., gave a lecture on The Organ, in Sherbourne street Methodist Church, which was illustrated by a recital in which Messrs. Aldous, Blakeley and the lecturer took part.

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The recitals and concerts given during the convention were of considerable musical excellence, though the unfortunate feeling which prevented one section of Toronto's musicians from taking part in the proceedings, necessarily limited the number of executants who displayed their ability before Ontario's musicians. In spite of this drawback, most enjoyable days and evenings were spent, to which result the Conservatory String Quartette Club contributed in no small degree. These gentlemen have in a short time reached a degree of excellence that makes one regret that the season is over and that the pleasures of forest and stream will intervene and perhaps destroy that fine balance and feeling that has been the result of much practice together. A prominent feature of the session was the violin playing of Miss Lucile du Pre, a young lady of seventeen summers, fragile and delicate in appearance, but with a gigantic tone and any amount of executive facility. She evidently has an artistic temperament and very great taste. She is a pupil of Schradieck in Cincinnati, and will, I think, become world-renowned if she retains her health and strength and if she works and eventually goes to the fountain head. One has to be careful in praising these young people who have excellence. They don't find out until they are old heads, how small is the knowledge deemed so great in youth, and many accept praise in the best faith until they believe themselves to be possessed of all the knowledge and all the ability on the earth. Miss Du Pre is a violinist of such great powers and of such rich promise, that I should ever regret if she did not strive to the uttermost end, and learn all—all.

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To return to the convention. I never heard Miss Burdette do herself such justice as she did at the reception when she sang Di Tanti Palpiti. She sang it splendidly, and showed a noble breadth of tone. Mr. Theodore Martens also distinguished himself by some very artistic piano playing. The pupil-teachers of the Conservatory likewise gave a good account of themselves in this department. One of the best features about the convention was the disposition to increase the social features of the meeting. Both reception and final concert showed this to a marked extent and were in this respect most enjoyable. The most important work done by the convention was the decision that in future candidates for membership should pass an examination before they can enter the society. There was a good deal of argument *pro* and *con* on this question; in fact it has been the battle-ground at each convention, and at last the examining party has gained the day. There can be no doubt that the new state of things will remove the objection that many musicians of good standing have held to joining the society, but there is equally little doubt that it will keep out many of the humbler class of teachers who should unquestionably be brought under its influence. The whole scheme concerning these examinations is crude as yet, and I think it would be well for the new executive to systematize the plan, so that next year all may be perfectly clear and definite.

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It is very satisfactory to one who has spoken out without fear or favor concerning the proper means of advancing the best interests of the Canadian College of Organists to find that that body has, in solemn conclave assembled on Friday of last week, decided to have its foundation members or fellows examined by three gentlemen, two of whom were suggested in this column some months ago. These are Mr. Clarence Eddy and Mr. Dudley Buck, names of more than merely American renown. The third examiner who will be invited to adjudicate upon the merits of Canadian organists is Mr. S. P. Warren, a gentleman who is, I believe, a Canadian born, and being a brother of Mr. Warren of the well-known organ factory of this city. The members of the Canadian Society of Musicians will also be pleased to see that the College of Organists has contradicted, by resolution, the statement that it is not in harmony with the larger society.

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In these days of cold business and merciless self-seeking, it is gratifying to find that we have in our midst a few gentlemen who are able and willing to shoulder the loss arising from the year's operations of Mr. Torrington's orchestra. From the published statement it appears that the shortage of the year's outlay, including the conductor's salary, rent of practice room, and salary of musicians in the orchestra, as well as the other disbursements, which were not equalled by the receipts, has been defrayed by the personal subscriptions of the committee. These gentlemen deserve more than a passing word of praise, as without their generosity and self sacrifice we should be without the valuable factor in music which is presented by this orchestra. People are always ready to say that this, that or the other ought to be done, but individuals who go down into their pockets and produce the money to carry on such an enterprise are few. It is to be hoped that Messrs. Logan, Aikenhead, Hamilton and Vogeley who now withdraw from the executive will be replaced by others as liberal and efficient.

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Another Canadian is making a reputation for himself in Italy. It is a Mr. P. Robinson, whose stage name is Delasco. He has had some fine notices in Italian journals and has secured the more tangible success of an engagement with Augustus Harris at Covent Garden theater. He is a basso with a fine brilliant voice, and a thorough love of his art.

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I may as well add that my remarks of last week concerning the visiting teachers, bore no reference to any one teacher, more or less than any other. It was the principle I wished to impress upon my readers; I was considering a species, not an individual. METRONOME.

The Drama.

Following is William Winter's tribute to the genius and worth of the lately deceased actor, John Gilbert: "Since first I became familiar with the stage—in far-away days, in old Boston—John Gilbert has been the fulfilment of one of my highest ideals of excellence in the dramatic art; and it would be hard if I could not now say this, if not with eloquence, at least with fervor. I am aware of a certain strangeness, however, in the thought that words, in his presence and to his honor, should be spoken by me. The freaks of time and fortune are, indeed, strange. I cannot but remember that when John Gilbert was yet in the full flush of his young manhood, and already crowned with the laurels of success, the friend who is now speaking was a boy at his sports—playing around the old Federal Street Theater, and beneath the walls of the Franklin street cathedral, and hearing, upon the broad causeways of Pearl street the rustle and patter of the autumn leaves as they fell from the chestnuts around the Perkins Institution and elms that darkened the sombre, deserted castle of Harris' Folly. With this sense of strangeness, though, comes a sense, still more striking and impressive, of the turbulent, active, and brilliant period through which John Gilbert has lived. Byron had been dead but four years, and Scott and Wordsworth were still writing, when he began to act, Goethe was still alive. The works of Thackeray and Dickens were yet to be created. Cooper, Irving, Bryant, Halleck and Percival were the literary lords of that period. The star of Willis was ascending, while those of Hawthorne and Poe were yet to rise; and dramas of Talfourd, Knowles and Bulwer were yet to be seen by him as fresh contributions to the literature of the stage. All these great names are written now in the book of death.

"All that part of old Boston to which I have referred—the scene equally of Gilbert's birth and youth and first successes, and of his tender retrospection—has been swept away or entirely changed. Gone is the old Federal street theater. Gone that quaint English alley with the cosey tobacconist's shop which he used to frequent. Gone the hospitable Stackpole where, many a time, at 'the latter end of a sea-coal fire,' he heard the bells strike midnight from the spire of the Old South Church! But, though 'the spot where many a time he triumphed, is forgot,' his calm and gentle genius and his hale physique have endured in unabated vigor, so that he who has charmed two generations of playgoers still happily lives to charm the men and women of to-day. Webster, Choate, Felton, Everett, Rantoul, Shaw, Bartlett, Lunt, Hallet, Starr King, Bartol, Kirk—these and many more, the old worthies of the bar, the bench and the pulpit, in Boston's better days of intellect and taste—all saw him, as we see him, in the silver-gray elegance and exquisite perfection with which he illustrates the comedies of England. His career has impinged upon the five great cities of Boston, New Orleans, Philadelphia, London and New York. It touches at one extreme the ripe fame of Munden (who died in 32), and—freighted with all the rich traditions of the stage—it must needs, at its other extreme, transmit, even in the next century, the high mood, the scholarlike weight, and the pure style of the finest strain of acting that Time has bestowed upon civilized man. By what qualities it has been distinguished, this brilliant assembly is full well aware. The dignity, which is its grandeur; the sincerity, which is its truth; the thoroughness, which is its massive substance; the sterling principle, which is its force; the virtue, which is its purity; the scholarship, mind, humor, taste, versatile aptitude of simulation and beautiful grace of method, which are its powerful and delightful faculties and attributes, have all been brought home to your minds and hearts by the living and conquering genius of the man himself! I have often lingered in fancy upon the idea of that strange, diversified, wonderful procession—here the dazzling visage of Garrick, there the woeful face of Mossop; here the glorious eyes of Kean; there the sparkling loveliness of an Abingdon or a Jordan—which moves, through the chambers of the memory, across almost any old and storied stage. The thought is endless in its suggestion and fascinating in its charm. How often, in the chimney-corner of life, shall we—whose privilege it has been to rejoice in the works of this great comedian, and whose happiness it is to cluster around him to-night in love and admiration—conjure up and muse upon his stately figure, as we have seen it in the garb of Sir Peter, and Sir Robert, and Jaques, and Wolsey, and Elmore! The ruddy countenance, the twinkling gray eyes, the silver hair, the kind smile, the hearty voice, the old-time courtesy of manner—how tenderly will they be remembered! how dearly are they prized! Scholar!—Actor!—Gentleman!"

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Actresses and singers who have made their names great had little except energy and talent to start with. Minnie Hauk was the daughter of a poor Rivington street carpenter. Sarah Bernhardt and Matilda Heron were milliners' apprentices. Clara Morris began as an extra ballet girl. Christine Nilsson was a barefooted Swedish peasant girl. Rachel begged in the streets of Paris. Charlotte Cushman's parents were very poor. Adelaide Neilson was a child's nurse. Jenny Lind was a poor teacher's daughter. Adelaide Phillips, the dead contralto, and Sara Jewett came from treasury clerkships. Maud Granger from a sewing machine and Margaret Mather from a west side convent.

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Sol Smith Russell tells of a dear, pious lady residing in New York, who has followed his career with great interest, though regretting that it was within the confines of the stage. One day she said:

"Won't you give us a dime for our mission, Mr. Russell?"

"A dime! Nonsense," said the comedian.

"Here's five dollars."

But the old lady was firm.

"We only accept a dime from any one, and a prayer shall be said for you."

"Well, that's a cheap investment," replied Sol, as he handed her the ten cents.

Shortly after, when writing from the west to her, he said:

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"I hope the mission is prospering. I haven't a dime about me, but please accept the inclosed coin. I suppose it's the usual reduction—three prayers for a quarter."

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The story is told that a lot of college boys formed a stag theater party in New London, Connecticut, the other evening, and completely filled the first three rows of orchestra chairs. As soon as the curtain went up, they all donned high Eiffel tower bonnets, causing a total eclipse of the stage.

Some of the ladies in the audience felt highly indignant, while others took the matter good-naturedly, and sent word through the usher that if the collegians would terminate their little joke, the ladies would consent to remove their bonnets.

The boys accepted the compromise, and filed out in a body after the first act to celebrate what they considered a victory for man's rights.

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Mary Anderson continues to regain health and strength at her pretty little cottage. The date of her return to the stage is as yet undecided, the doctors insisting on perfect rest, and abstention from mental study of any kind. She is called "Our Mary" now by both English and American papers. If Jonathan uses her no better when she comes back next year than he did during the past season, the probabilities are she will become John Bull's Mary for good.

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P. T. Barnum tells a story of how he was one day walking beside a railroad track, with a man who was very hard of hearing.

A train was approaching, and as it rounded the curve the whistle gave one of those nerve-destroying shrieks that seem to pierce high heaven. A smile broke over the deaf man's face.

"That is the first robin," said he, "that I have heard this Spring."

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A sketch entitled The Turk's Harem was introduced recently by a party of female burlesquers.

The Grand Turk, on entering the harem, says, with a fine Pat Rooney accent, "Good mornin', mim." The ladies immediately answer, in one voice, "Good mornin', boss." The effect was funny.

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At the Music Hall. James—What the dickens are you applauding that ass for? Why, he can't sing as well as my Thomas cat. Henry—I know he can't but I thought I would applaud him for his magnificent exhibition of nerve.

Auntie Was Slightly Off.

Miss Gazeaway—He's the dearest, loveliest, handsomest fellow you ever saw, and I'm going to get him or perish in the attempt.

Aunt—Aren't you ashamed, Margaret, to throw yourself at a man in that fashion?

Miss Gazeaway—It's funny, Auntie, you're always thinking about men. I was referring to a St. Bernard puppy I saw yesterday.

She Was Deaf.

In an action tried a short time ago for damages against a neighbor, a deaf old lady (the plaintiff) was being examined. The judge suggested a compromise, and instructed counsel to ask what she would take to settle the matter.

"His lordship wants to know what you will take?" bawled the barrister as loud as he could in the old lady's ear.

"Well, well, bless me! I thank his lordship kindly, and if it's no inconvenience to him, I'll take gin hot with a little lemon in it."

This brought down the house, and the old lady wondered what they could see to laugh at.

What It Is Doing.

There is a valuable, because practical, exhibition of the improved phonograph at the Battle of Gettysburg cyclorama in New York. The wonderful instrument has superseded the human lecturer, and it tells the story of the famous contest with as much clearness as any orator could. The building has been well visited since this novel departure was introduced.

She Got It.

They were sitting on the piazza that faced the sea, watching the white-sailed yachts as they crossed the moon's track, when he suddenly said:

"I think it must be delightful sailing on such a lovely night."

"Oh, lovely, I should think."

"I wish I owned one for your sake. I would take you sailing every night."

"That would be just lovely!"

"What kind of a yacht would you prefer—a steam yacht or a sailing one?"

"I think," she murmured, as she glanced around, I'd just as lief have a little smack."

She got it.

A Novel Toast.

Alphonse Karr was once present at a banquet of medical men, where toasts were drunk of certain celebrities, when the president said: "Monsieur Karr, we now ask a toast from you." The poet rose and replied modestly: "I propose the health of all that are sick."

Would do for a Substitute.

"Got any lemons?"

"Sorry, but we're out of lemons," said the grocer.

"No pickles either?"

"No."

"Well, give me some of these 'three boxes for a quarter' strawberries."

Politeness is like an air cushion; there may be nothing in it, but it eases our jolts wonderfully.

On Divers Strings

She Also Took My Heart.

For Saturday Night.

The sunlight glanced on the meadow and hill
And brightly shone on the lea,
And the birds sang on and the soft winds blew
And the girl was fair to see.
The breezes blew their soft lullaby
And the swallows skimmed on the lake,
But what did I care for nature's gifts
For the maiden "took the cake."

The tall pine trees their branches wave
Against the summer sky,
And the little brook ran merrily on
To freshen the pastures dry.
The ivy twined round the old oak tree,
And the flowers bloomed in the sun,
But I cared naught for nature's wealth
For the maiden "took the bun."

The oriole wheeled its graceful flight
And the robins chirped on the lawn,
The lamkins blested their plaintive loves
And prettily waved the corn,
But these charms nor gladdened my lonely heart
Nor delighted my anxious eye,
I cared not then for their beauties rare
For the maiden "took the pie." H.

She Never Told Her Love in Words.

She never told her love—in words;
She had no need to tell,
Since everything she did but seemed
That one sweet word to spell.

Love lurked beneath her every smile,
Love lay within her eyes;
Love ran his colors up her cheek
In deepest damask dyes.

Love shone from every shimmering tress,
Love gleamed from her white hand,
Whose lightest touch made heaven a thing
Easy to understand.

Who knows where Love will find us out?
My lady was betrayed
By e'en the dainty dress of blue
In which she was arrayed.

She was betrayed by silences
More eloquent than speech,
By little girlish subtleties
That Art could never teach.

Oh, Love was ever on her lips,
And Love was in her laugh!
'Twas as a rippling, running stream
From which I could but quaff.

Love flowed from out her daily life
As song from out a bird;
But, though her every look was love,
She never spoke the word.

Nay, though she gave her happy heart
To me, the darling dove
Had never dreamed a miracle
Was working—that 'twas Love!

I Am Contented.

The soldier said as he was called to die:
"I am contented;
But tell my mother in the village,
My sweetheart in the cottage,
To pray for me with folded hands."

The soldier's dead; his mother and his sweetheart,
They pray for him with folded hands.
They dug his grave upon the battlefield,
And all the earth was red
Wherein they laid him;
The sun beheld him thus, and said:
"I am contented."

And flowers clustered on his grave,
And were contented there to bloom.
And when the wind would roar
Among the trees,
Then asked the soldier from his deep, dark grave:
"Was it the flag that fluttered?"
"Nay!" said the wind; "nay, my gallant hero.
Nay; thou hast died in battle, but the flag
Hath won the day. Thy comrades
Have carried it away full happily."
Then said the soldier from his deep, dark grave:
"I am contented."

And then he harkened to the wandering
Of herds and shepherds, and he asked:
"Is that the din of battle?"
"Nay!" they said; "nay, my gallant hero;
For thou art dead; the war is over;
Thy fatherland is free and happy."
Then said the soldier from his deep, dark grave:
"I am contented."

And then he harkened to the lovers' laughter;
And thus the soldier asked:
"Are these the people's voices, who remember me?"
"Nay!" spake the lovers; "nay, my gallant hero,
For we are they who never do remember;
For spring hath come, and all the earth is smiling;
We must forget the dead."
Then said the soldier from his deep, dark grave:
"I am contented."

CARMEN SYLVA

Live It Down.

Has your life a bitter sorrow?
Live it down.
Think about a bright to-morrow,
Live it down.
You will find it never pays
Just to sit, wet-eyed, and gaze
On the grave of vanished days;
Live it down.

Is disgrace your galling burden?
Live it down.
You can win a brave heart's guerdon;
Live it down.
Make your life so free from blame,
That the lustre of your fame
Shall hide all the olden shame;
Live it down.

Has your heart a secret trouble?
Live it down.
Unless griefs will make it double,
Live it down.
Do not water it with tears—
Do not feed it with your fears—
Do not nurse it through the years—
Live it down.

Have you made some awful error?
Live it down.
Do not hide your face in terror;
Live it down.
Look the world square in the eyes;
Go ahead as one who tries
To be honored ere he dies;
Live it down.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Noted People.

General Boulanger anticipates making a visit to America.

Mr. Brush, of the arc electric light, owns a million-dollar house in Cleveland, O. He was a newspaper reporter on a salary of $15 a week less than fifteen years ago.

After the marriage of the Duke of Portland, the next great prize of the English matrimonial lottery is the Marquis of Hartington. He is the heir to the Dukedom of Devonshire and the future owner of Chatsworth.

Lady Blennerhassett has written a life of Madame de Stael which has amazed the German critics. They are confessing with candor if not courtesy, that they had not supposed a woman could write so good a book.

The Duke of Portland it is said, has decided, as Donovan has won the Derby, to dedicate all the money that he has won this year on the turf to a wedding present for his bride. His winnings this season already amount to £32,542.

George Kennan, the noted Siberian traveler, will pass the summer at Cape Breton, Nova Scotia. His wife will be all the company he desires, and much of his time will be devoted to editing a large amount of matter not yet published relative to his Siberian journey.

Miss Mildred Fuller, fourth daughter of Chief Justice Fuller of the United States, will study law under the direction of her father after her graduation from Wells College. She is a decided blonde, with light golden hair, tall but well proportioned, and a winning manner.

At M. Cernuschi's great fancy ball recently M. Zola appeared as a friar, with his handsome wife as a Norman peasant; M. Munkacsy was a sixteenth century German; M. Daudet was a lawyer; M. Petit a Zulu chief and Mme. Bernadeki had an Eiffel tower on her head a yard high, set with diamonds.

Those who have seen it, say that the *petits soins* lavished on the Queen by the amiable girls of her daughters' families, are a pretty sight to behold. They differ from the young lady of the "period" very charmingly, in this one particular, that they have all been thoroughly taught a respectful courtesy to the aged; and in Her Majesty's most irritable or anxious moments she is always to be appeased by the gentle attention of a grand-daughter.

Mrs. Campbell Praed is a graceful, delicate young woman of about thirty-five. She comes of a good family, and the name of her husband is also that of the gentility. She is a charmingly aristic dresser, and as far as her health will permit associates with a gay and fashionable set. Her novels are widely read, but in England are kept away from young readers, exactly as those of Ouida. They are in a certain sense brilliant, but are restricted to the delineation of scenes and manners of a fast and loose class of people—a kind only too prominent in large cities in this feverish age.

The means adopted by the Shah of Persia for getting rid of those ladies of his harem who have ceased to please is simple yet ingenious. There is no sewing up in sacks, no casting from towers, no bowstring, no poisoning. Some provincial general is informed that he will be favored with a wife from the Royal harem. To refuse is impossible, the disgusted lady arrives and is placed at the head of her new husband's household. She usually insists on his divorcing his other wives, and in any case treats them as servants and inferiors. One old general, who had become the recipient of one of these royal favors (the lady led him a sad life) never alluded to her but—in a whisper, of course—as "the old camel."

One fine morning during his last visit to Denmark, the Czar had prevailed upon Princess Maria of Orleans, the wife of Prince Waldemar, to join him in a tour on foot to Elsinore, a distance of seven English miles. She tramped as far as Snekkersten, a wretched fishermen's cove, about one mile from Elsinore, trying bravely to keep pace with her Imperial consort. There the Princess was overcome with fatigue, but it was out of the question to obtain any kind of a conveyance in so poor a nest. She commenced to cry and upbraid her hardened brother-in-law for coaxing her into so arduous an undertaking, when the Czar suddenly solved the problem by lifting her lithe form into his strong arms, and then resumed his march in this fashion to Elsinore, whence they returned to Fredensborg by rail.

Ex-Empress Eugenie is about to visit Scotland, the land of her mother's ancestors, this year. Closeburn Castle, their family seat, once the Kirkpatrick stronghold, is less like a palatial residence than a small jail that has seen better days. It is situated in Nithsdale, on the left or east bank of the Nith, about ten miles north of Dumfries. Eugenie's grandfather, Mr. Thomas Kirkpatrick, was a consul at Malaga. The Count de Montijo, father of Her Majesty, was a second son who succeeded to family honors, such as they were, on the death of an elder brother. The connecting link between the Scottish and Spanish clans was Donna Maria Manuela Kirkpatrick de Closeburn de Montijo, mother to the ex-Empress. It is averred that this canny Countess kept a speculative eye on Louis Napoleon, after his first successes, for many a year.

Prince Henry of Battenberg has the reputation of being very "close" in money matters. One evening on alighting from the London train at Windsor, not finding a carriage waiting for him, he took a cab. On alighting in the Quadrangle, he paid the Jehu with his own hand, and the man fondly imagined he had received half a sovereign—for the Prince had alighted in a dark corner. Alas! the first lamp cabby approached proclaimed the coin in his palm to be a sixpence! He was a free and independent Briton, that driver of a humble fly, and he watched his opportunity and managed to meet the Battenberg out riding next day, and bearded him to his face. "Well, give me back that sixpence," promply replied Heinrich, "and take this instead." Cabby reached out his hand, gave back the sixpence, received a larger coin into his palm, and the Prince rode off rapidly, leaving the infuriated Jehu to discover that the coin was a shilling! That coin of the realm he cherishes yet, and intends handing down to posterity as a "mark" of German liberality!

Art and Artists.

Many of our artists have left their studios and have taken themselves and their sketch books, canvases and paint boxes to the country in search of the picturesque. Well may those who perforce must labor in the hot city, envy a little their wanderings by beautiful lakes and streams, in cool glades and shadowy forests. But we less fortunate individuals are apt to give them credit for having picnics when in reality their lot is much less delectable. The trials of the artist in rural districts have been depicted again and again in the illustrated papers, and what with mosquitos, over-inquisitive natives, festive bovines with a penchant for paint and many other afflictions, his summer day excursions may not be all we dwellers in the sweltering town imagine them to be.

During the next three months many a charming bit of Canadian landscape will be picked up and transferred to paper or canvas. It is a pity that more of our painters do not seem capable of utilizing some of the charming and powerful compositions which Canadian rural life affords at any time of the year, but especially in summer. There may be found men—tall, square-shouldered, hard with toil and brown with the sun, who might pose for Hercules or Apollo—man in all his seven ages, and woman the very embodiment of picturesqueness and native grace. These, with the various other forms of the animal kingdom in their surroundings of field and forest, are subjects which would delight a master's eye and be worthy of a master's hand. American and Canadian painters in France wax enthusiastic over the picturesque peasant life of that country. If they only thought so, there are better pictures to be found in the country on this side of the water, where men and women are nobler than the illiterate descendants of the serfs of the Bourbons.

A meeting of the Art Students' League was held on Tuesday evening. The subject of extending the functions of the league was favorably discussed. Steps will probably be taken ere long to admit lady members.

The Ontario Society of Artists held their monthly meeting on Tuesday evening. The evening was spent in winding up affairs in connection with the recent exhibition and Art Union. The following members were elected: T. M. Martin, Miss May Martin, Mr. Gilbert Frith, sculptor.

A note has appeared in the *Colonies and India* mentioning Mr. L. R. O'Brien's exhibition of paintings at the galleries of Mr. Thomas McLean in the Haymarket.

Mr. J. C. Forbes is sojourning on the Ottawa.

Mr. J. W. L. Forster is at present in Germany.

Mr. Hannaford is sketching in the Niagara district. VAN.

To the Woods.

Oh! girls, I never find myself in the woods that I do not feel inclined to say, with the disciples on the mountain: "*Lord*, it is good for us to be here." Good, after the heat and the glare, the noise, the dust, and all the haste and movement of the town—to lie here in the cool, green light of

"Woods pervaded
By branches o'er, by flowers beneath,"

while every sense of touch and taste, of sight and sound and smell, is thrilled to intensest pleasure.

Couched softly on the long, lush grass, we listen dreamily to the woodland concert that lacks now not a single voice. The chorus is full at last, and from the plaintive twitter of the little morning warbler to the bobolink's melodious madness not a note is wanting to the fulness of its divine harmony.

"Low creeping strawberries
Their summer coolness"

offer us on every side. At every glance between the earth and leaves we catch their ruddy glistening, and for a hand's out-stretching we can taste such fragrant sweetness as no gardener's skill can win.

The moist warm air is laden with a wealth of blended odors only midsummer can yield. The pungent perfume of the blackberry

WILD ORANGE LILY.

leaves mingles with the breath of ripe strawberries; the sweetness of wild roses blooming in the sun pervades these cool dim aisles where lingers yet the memory of the wild vine's blossoming; from the distance come stealing faint odors of white clover browning in the field, or of hay so newly stacked it has not lost its own peculiar fragrance; and over all, and finer than all, blending in one perfect whole, as the organ's swell the multitudinous sounds of voice and instrument, the balmy aromatic exhalations of the pines.

The woodthrush, in cinnamon-tinted coat and creamy vest all flecked with broad black arrows, flies by us laden with some dainty morsel for the gaping mouths at home. Flashing and darting through the branches above us goes a little bird so softly green that

"A brother of the leaves he seems."

And through a vista which opens out on the sunlit glade beyond, we watch the antics of a trio of bluejays, whose gay chatter is so unlike the bluebird's plaintive song. They chase each other like children playing at tag; they meet and tussle and flash

RASPBERRY.

their sapphire tinted wings; they seem actually to turn somersaults in the air in their mad haste as they tumble against each other, and then suddenly, as though playing time were over, they fly off in three different directions, only, after a few minutes' interval, to begin the game again.

On the opposite edges of the glade flames out against a back ground of tender green, the gorgeous beauty of a wild orange lily, and half in shadow, half in shine, resting its weight against an old stump's ready shoulder, the red-flowered raspberry shows its wide vine-like leaves and the deep rose or purplish pink of its flowers. The shape, size and color of the petals suggest the rose rather than the raspberry—one might even fancy it a wild moss rose from the ruddy-brown and moss like sheathing of its stem and calix; but, "by their fruits ye shall know them," and in a little while its berries—though broad, flat and insipid—will unmistakably reveal the true relationship.

Come! let us go. The heat is over, and down in the hollow near here, there runs a little stream along whose sedgy bank I have often found that most beautiful of our native orchids, the white moccasin flower. Its lovely,

WHITE MOCASSIN FLOWER.

rose-flushed bowl might well hold nectar for a dryad's drinking. On our way we may as well gather these tall, bright lilies. They are so large and showy one would think they'd lose all grace away from their wild surroundings; but I saw them once in the darkened corner of an old-fashioned drawing-room, in a tall vase, and overtopping some spikes of the royally blue lupine, and they shone out from their background of old black walnut folding doors and soft grey wall, with a rich and stately beauty that would have delighted an artist's heart, and which I have never forgotten. D. B.

Let Her Go!

"The moon was shining silver bright,"
"All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,"
"When freedom from her mountain height"
Shrieked: "Gallagher! let her go."

"An hour passed on, the Turk awoke,"
"A bumble bee went thundering by,"
"To hover in the sulphur smoke"
"And spread his pall upon the sky."

"His echoing axe the settler swung,"
"He was a lad of high degree,"
"And deep the pearly caves among"
He heard, "O, woodman, spare that tree!"

"O, ever thus, from childhood's hour,"
"By torch and trumpet fast arrayed."
"Beneath yon ivy-mantled tower"
"The bullfrog croaks his serenade."

"My love is like the red, red rose,"
"He bought a ring with posie true;"
"Sir Barney Bodkin broke his nose,"
"And, Saxon, I am Roderick Dhu!"

Human Nature on the Highway.

It was on a highway running into a city, one man was driving out with a load of brick and the other driving in with a load of hay. Both attempted to get the best side of a mud hole, and as a consequence their teams came head to head and stopped.

"You, there!" shouted the brick man.
"You, there yourself!" replied the other.
"Going to turn out?"
"No!"
"Neither will I!"
"I'll stay here a whole year first!"
"And I'll stay ten of them!"

Both proceeded to make themselves as comfortable as possible, and to appear careless and indifferent as to results. Other travelers took the other side of the hole, and passed them by, so it became a question of endurance. At the end of an hour the hay man said:

"If there's any one man I hate above another it's a human hog!"

"Then it's a wonder you haven't hated yourself to death!" was the retort and silence reigned supreme again. Another hour passed, and the brick man observed:

"I'm going to sleep, and I hope you won't disturb me."

"Just what I was going to ask of you," replied the hay man.

Both pretended to sleep, but at the end of the third hour the hay man suddenly called out:

"Say! You are a cussed mean man!"
"The same to you!"
"Where you going with those brick?"
"Four miles out, to John Dayton's. Where you going with your hay?"
"To Stiner's brick yard."
"Say, man, I'm John Dayton myself, and I've traded this hay for brick!"
"Well, I'm young Stiner, and I was driving the first load out!"
"What fools we are! Here, take all the road."
"No—no—let me turn out."
"I'll turn."
"No—let me."

And in their haste to do the polite thing the load of hay was upset and a wheel taken off the brick wagon.—*New York Sun.*

At The Tennis Club.

I.
The men and the women
In garments brand new,
In ribbons and laces
And flannels (a few),
All come to the club
On this bright afternoon,
To show off their costumes,
To flirt and to spoon.

II.
"But why do they carry
Their rackets to-day,
If they're not playing tennis?"
I hear some one say.
How foolish a question!
My fried, don't you know
That it's not for the game that
They come, but the show!

III.
The courts are neglected
By squire and by dame,
The ladies all gossip
(The men do the same).
You seem quite surprised,
You've a cynical smile;
But then pray remember
That this is the style.

IV.
"But that lad with the sash, shoes,
And flannels complete,
With racket in lap,
And the girls at his feet,
If he doesn't play tennis,
Then what are his merits?"
He—he's here to show off
The gold he inherits.—*Puck.*

A Musical Bootblack.

Baroness (to man servant who had just come in)—Johann, do not whistle in that abominable manner—and such vulgar tunes besides!

Johann—But surely your ladyship does not expect one of Liszt's rhapsodies when I'm blacking the boots—that'll come on later when I'm cleaning the silver!

Hanlan as a Dude.

From the shady pavilion overlooking Berkeley Lake three gentlemen were Sunday afternoon watching the pleasure seekers as they got into the boats and shoved off from the wharf.

It was a new experience to most of them, and it was with comically frantic attempts at dignity that they stepped into the wobbley crafts and intrusted themselves to the smooth but impressionable surface of the lake.

Many of the boats all but went over, and the three wise men were confidently expecting to see someone take a ducking when a party of five came down upon the wharf.

Three ladies and one gentleman had been helped into their places, and the last of the party was just about to get aboard when one of the three interested spectators said: "Just look at that dude. I believe that he will be the one to go overboard."

The boat was shoved off and the dude referred to took the oars. The curious trio were taken by surprise. The muscular form of the dude was bent nearly double, the oars dropped into the water in silent precision, and the boat went ahead as if shot from a gun.

"Whew, but he can row," said one. "He's a nailer," said another. "Who is that man?" asked the third of John Elitch, who at that moment came up.

"Oh, that," said John; "he is only Hanlan."—*Denver Republican.*

The Lasting Grief of Widows.

A young Tipperary widow, Nelly McPhee, was courted and actually had an offer from Tooley O'Shane on her way to her husband's funeral.

"She accepted, of course," said Grossman.

"No, she didn't," said Smith. "'Tooley, dear,' says she, 'yer too late. Four weeks ago it was I shook hands wi' Pat Sweeny upon it that I would have him a decent time after poor McPhee was under board.'"

"Well," said Grossman, "widows of all nations are much alike. There was a Dutchwoman whose husband, Diedrich von Pronk, died and left her inconsolable. He was buried on Copp's Hill. Folks said that grief would kill that widow. She had a large figure of wood carved that looked very like her late husband, and constantly kept it in her room for several months. In about half a year she became interested in a young shoemaker, who took the length of her foot and finally married her. He had visited the widow not more than a fortnight, when the servants told her they were out of kindling stuff, and asked what would be done. After a pause the widow replied in a quiet way: 'Maybe it is well enough to shplit up old Von Pronk, vot ish upstairs.'"

It Wasn't Impossible.

Smith—Do you know Miss Brown?

Jones—I have spoken to her, but I never met her.

S.—Spoken to her, but never met her? Come, come, that's impossible.

J.—It isn't impossible. I've spoken to her through the telephone.

S.—Come and take a cigar.

They Played the Second Fiddle.

Helen (to country cousin at fashionable wedding)—Now, Kate, you must watch everything; this is an awfully fetching affair. See the bridesmaids in their Directoire gowns and those children dressed as pages; and, listen, the choir boys are singing the wedding chorus in the distance. It's awfully effective!

Kate (very much interested)—Yes; and where's the bride and groom?

Helen—Oh, they're in the crowd there somewhere.—*Once a Week.*

Lord Elwyn's Daughter

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CHAPTER XVI.

The tea-hour was over. Lucille Maitland was lingering in the billiard-room, knocking the balls about idly with her hand; Sir Adrian and Laurence Doyle were walking up and down the terrace outside smoking; Lady Elwyn and Kathleen, drawn together by a common anxiety, were upstairs on the upper landing. Every one was waiting for Sir Augustus Rolls' report. He was still closeted in Lord Elwyn's dressing-room consulting with Doctor Grieves.

Coming aimlessly to the open billiard-room door, Lucille noticed for the first time a gentleman with white hair neatly attired in a black frock coat who was standing warming his feet by the fire in the hall. It was Mr. Williams, the solicitor.

"How do you do, Mr. Williams? Have you come for news of my poor uncle?

"I have come to see him, Miss Maitland," replied the lawyer, shaking hands with the brilliant young lady whom he had spoken to once or twice before on his visits to the Castle on business. "Lord Elwyn has sent for me very urgently. I was to come at once. I arrived at the same time as the London doctor.

"Oh, then you have not seen him yet?"

"No; I am to wait until after the doctors have gone.

"It is very cold—is it not, Mr. Williams?"

"Very, Miss Maitland!"—ex'ending his fingers to the blaze. "A cutting east wind to-night! I cannot get warm at all; one gets perished driving about in an open trap."

"There seems to me to be a dreadful draught in this hall! Do come into my aunt's boudoir! There is a nice fire there, and it is much warmer than in this great place."

Mr. Williams gratefully followed her. She led the way into Lady Elwyn's boudoir, on the farther side of the inner hall. It was a charming snuggery, curtained warmly and carpeted softly; a bright fire blazed merrily in the grate, and there was a lamp on the table. Lucille rang the bell, and desired the footman to bring some sherry and biscuits for Mr. Williams; then she placed some newspapers and magazines on the table, and desired him to make himself quite comfortable.

"If you will stop here, Mr. Williams, and rest and warm yourself, I will come and let you know the very moment Sir Augustus Rolls' visit is over, and I will bring you the first news of what he says. Your horse and dog-cart have gone round to the stables, I think you said? Yes! Well, then, you have nothing to trouble about. Pray get thoroughly warm, and I will come back and fetch you at the proper time."

"I am sure you are exceedingly kind and thoughtful, Miss Maitland!" replied the grateful and somewhat astonished solicitor. Lady Elwyn's niece had a character for being haughty and repellent in manner to—and in smaller people in the neighborhood; he had not believed that she could have unbent so much. "Ah, well," thought the good man, "human nature is much the same in all ranks of life, and a great sorrow like this softens the heart and makes us all sympathize with one another!"—which he resigned himself very cheerfully to his sherry and his newspapers; and, in the cheerful rustling of the sheets of the *Times* and the genial glow of the brown sherry as it trickled down his throat, the good man quite failed to hear the soft click of the key turning almost noiselessly in the lock of the door as it closed gently upon Miss Maitland's departing skirts.

"And there, my dear fellow, you will remain," said the young lady to herself, until it pleases me to let you out! Oh, you scheming villain! I intend to see Lord Elwyn before you do!"

As Lucille reached the outer hall, Sir Augustus was just coming down the staircase, followed by Doctor Grieves and Colonel Elwyn. The great man's face was smiling.

"Quite room for hope, Colonel Elwyn," she heard him say cheerfully. "A critical case, no doubt—very critical! But there are one or two symptoms which forbid us to despair. Extreme care, of course, will be essential, and the most unremitting attention to the treatment. The slightest relapse now would be fatal; but we have no grounds to apprehend such a relapse (quite the contrary. In short—" The doctor's remarks died away upon her ears as the three gentlemen passed into the dining-room, where some refreshment had been prepared for Sir Augustus before his departure for the train. They had not noticed Lucille standing below them in the hall.

At that moment Kathleen came flying down the staircase half wild with excitement.

"He says there is hope—there is hope!" she cried. "Oh, Lucille, is it not delightful? He may get better after all! Where is my stepmother? Is she in her boudoir?"

"No; I saw her go into the library three minutes ago—you will find her there."

Kathleen turned away unsuspiciously from the boudoir and ran down the side corridor which led to the library; whilst Lucille sped up stairs with cat-like swiftness and noiselessness. Now was her opportunity! The doctors downstairs, Kathleen seeking vainly for Lady Elwyn—whom Lucille knew to be in her bedroom—the tension of the watch about the patient's door relaxed for the moment—when could she find a fitter time for that which she had to do?

The hired nurse was in the outer room tidying up the usual litter that attends a sick room, rinsing out the medicine glasses, and laying down a fresh white cloth upon the table where the different concoctions of food and wine were standing. She looked up as the beautiful young lady entered with a slightly heightened color upon her face. Mrs. Hyam came from London, and was a stranger to the different members of Lord Elwyn's family; she had not seen Miss Maitland before to her recollection.

"Oh, nurse," cried the girl, "this is indeed good news about my dear uncle! Is it true that Sir Augustus Rolls says he will recover?"

"We hope so, miss—we hope so. I've sent for her ladyship. Do you know if she is coming?"

"Yes—immediately, I think. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Well, I wanted to run down to the housekeeper's room for a few minutes to prepare something very special—it's a solution which is to be laid upon his lordship's side. I haven't fire enough here; besides, I can do it much quicker down-stairs. I wanted her ladyship to sit a few minutes in the next room whilst I am gone."

"Can I do that, nurse? Is there anything to be done?"

"Nothing, miss, but to sit still by the bedside and see that nobody comes to disturb him. You said you was his lordship's niece, miss?"

"Yes, and, if I could be allowed to do anything for my dear, dear uncle—even such a trifling thing as this—I should be so grateful!" She raised her handkerchief to her eyes; her voice seemed to tremble; in the subdued light of the room she appeared to be crying softly.

"Pretty affectionate creature!" thought the nurse, who was a soft-hearted woman, always felt sincerely for the sorrows of the afflicted families amongst whom her lot was cast. "Don't cry, my dear," said the little woman kindly, patting the tall girl's shoulder with a soft motherly touch—"don't cry! Your uncle will get well, I believe. It's all in God's hands, we know; but still we feel we may allow ourselves to hope for the best. Now you just creep into the next room softly and sit down in the chair by the bed. He seems to be doing a little now. I think the Doctor's visit has tired him, and I have just given him a soothing draught. Don't speaks to him unless he asks for anything; and, if the least thing goes wrong, touch the electric-bell twice. I shall hear it downstairs, as I will leave the door of the housekeeper's room open. Whatever you do, don't let him excite himself, and agree to everything he says if he should happen to speak to you. I shan't be gone above five minutes at the outside."

Lucille promised faithfully to obey Mrs. Hyam's injunctions to the letter, and with noiseless footsteps crept into the sick-room and took up her station in the chair behind the bed curtains.

After a few moments, when she felt quite certain that Mrs. Hyam must have gone downstairs, she drew the bed-curtain aside with hand and looked at the sick man. Lord Elwyn was not asleep: his eyes were wide open, and they turned instantly towards the watcher by his bedside. A faint smile came to his lips upon seeing his wife's niece. It was the first time she had been near him since his illness had begun, and he was pleased at the attention.

"Are you feeling better, uncle?"

"They tell me so, Lucille, my dear," he answered feebly. "I don't know—perhaps I may be."

"Sir Augustus thinks you will get quite well, uncle."

"Does he?"—doubtfully; then, after a pause—"I have a strong conviction, Lucille, that I shall never stir again from this bed."

"Oh, you must not say that!"

Silence for a few moments. Lord Elwyn's eyes closed; he looked as though he might fall asleep. This would not suit Lucille at all. She spoke again.

"Uncle, do you think you are well enough to listen to something I want to tell you?"

His eyes opened again.

"Yes—certainly. What is it?"

"It is something very important, uncle," she said, bending over him and taking his hand—"something, I think, you ought to know."

He moved uneasily under the bedclothes: an anxious expression stole into his eyes.

"You said just now that you felt that you would never get out of this bed alive, uncle. I hope and trust that you may be mistaken; but, if you should by any chance be right, then—then—"

"Yes, yes—for Heaven's sake, go on!" His breath was beginning to come and go quickly; he tried to raise himself on his pillow.

"Then I don't think you ought to die without knowing the truth.

"Tell me instantly without further delay, Lucille!" He clutched at her hands with a supernatural strength and dragged her nearer to him. "Is it about yourself—your marriage?"

"No; it is about your daughter Kathleen."

"Tell me—tell me!" he gasped.

"Kathleen is hiding a shameful secret from you, uncle. When she was at the farm that you took her from—you know!"

"Yes, yes—old Dobson's—I know!"

"She got entangled with a common laboring lad, uncle. She corresponded with him; she has owned in my hearing that she is engaged to him."

"It is a lie, a lie," he shouted, flinging up his arms wildly—"a lie, I tell you—a wicked lie! Here in this very room she has sworn to marry Alfred Elwyn—not an hour ago she swore it to me."

"Alas, my dear uncle, I fear that Kathleen is but reckoning upon the chance of your death in order to break her oath to the room as you have ceased to live! I fear that she is too deeply implicated with this man to be able to marry Alfred. I must ease my conscience of this load, and reveal the whole terrible truth to you, dear uncle, hard and bitter as it is to me to tell you. Kathleen's relations with this man—I have it from his own lips, uncle—the wretched creature threw himself upon my mercy and confessed all to me—his relations with Kathleen have gone of such a nature as to preclude the possibility of her becoming the wife of an honest man.

"Oh, Heaven!" He fell back white and stiff upon his pillows; but for the laboring of his breath, he might have been dead. He tried to speak; but the words would not come. "Fetch—fetch—go—at once—Alfred," he gasped at last, jerking out the words with a terrible effort, as though each cost him a drop of his very heart's blood.

"Is it Mr. Williams, the solicitor, whom you wish to see, uncle?" inquired Miss Maitland mildly.

His lips framed the word "Yes;" and then again he grasped hoarsely:

"At once—at once—not a moment to lose!" Like lightning she flew out of the room and along the corridor, through the double greenbaize doors that led on to the upper landing, and down the staircase to the boudoir. No one had interrupted Mr. Williams' pleasant little interval with the newspapers and the sherry decanter; nobody had dreamt of his being there, and so nobody had made the interesting discovery that the door had been locked upon him. She turned the key quietly, and then burst into the room.

"Come at once, Mr. Williams—as quickly as you can! Bring the ink and pen and paper!" —snatching some writing materials as she spoke from the table. "Follow me quickly! Lord Elwyn wishes to jot something down instantly; his mind might wander again. There is not a moment to be lost!"

The solicitor hurried after her. On the way they met Lady Elwyn.

"Do not come up—stairs yet, aunt; Mrs. Hyam has sent me to fetch Mr. Williams," she said, staying her aunt's progress. "He is to see him alone. She says he had better not see any one else for a few minutes."

"What is it, Lucille? You seem agitated. Nothing is wrong, I hope?"

"Oh, aunt, no! Uncle has had a most refreshing doze, Mrs. Hyam says—he seems ever so much better; he is a little impatient to see Mr. Williams because he has kept him waiting so long. I am only out of breath with running so fast down-stairs when Mrs. Hyam sent me. Have the doctors gone?"

"No; the carriage is just coming round for Sir Augustus, and Doctor Grieves will take a lift in it as far as Clorchester—they are both having some refreshment. Perhaps it would be more civil if I went back myself and saw Sir Augustus off. Kathleen and Alfred are with him now; but perhaps I ought to go myself."

"Yes—do, aunt! These great doctors are sometimes very touchy, and Sir Augustus might be hurt if you did not pay him every civility. Come, Mr. Williams!"

Lady Elwyn rustled downstairs, and Lucille and the solicitor hurried on upwards. The delay of even those few words with her aunt—words that were necessary to her safety—were maddening to her. What if Mrs. Hyam should have come back? What if Lucille should have changed his mind, and refuse in a calmer mood to believe in her unsupported accusation against his child? What if he should insist upon seeing Kathleen and hearing from her own lips a vindication of her innocence! All then would be lost, and she would have slandered her cousin in vain!

Filled with apprehensions concerning these divers possibilities of defeat, she reached the door of the ante-chamber. It was still empty. Mrs. Hyam was not yet there; she was finishing brewing her lotion in the housekeeper's room. Softly she pushed back the half-open door that connected with the bedroom. All was silent in the darkened room; only the flickering firelight played fitfully upon the wall and upon the crimson satin hangings of the old-fashioned four-post bedstead.

"Come!" she whispered, looking back over her shoulder at the lawyer; and he followed her into the room.

It was six o'clock in the evening, and therefore pitch dark.

Sir Adrian Deverell and Laurence Doyle—not the most congenial companions to each other—grew tired of strolling about outside with their cigars and the small talk concerning the pheasants and the pointers and setters, and the possibility of a change in the weather, and the chances of the renewal of hunting—got tired too of platitudes concerning Lord Elwyn's lamentable illness and of the contrast presented by his previous week's festivities to the present week's lamentation. They were mutually bored with each other, and each had a private hand of trouble on his mind. Sir Adrian was anxious about Kathleen—about her present sorrow and her future fate; and Laurie was anxious to get hold of Lucille and to win from her more of those expressions of her affection which had become so precious to his diseased and distorted mind.

They went into the house. The doctors were swallowing a hasty meal in the dining-room; the brougham was already at the door to take them away. Presently Lady Elwyn came downstairs.

"My dear husband is much better," she said, pressing Sir Adrian's hand. "You have heard, of course, the report which Sir Augustus has given—he may get over this attack and live for years longer. After all, Adrian, perhaps your wedding need not be postponed for more than a month or so. When he is strong enough, Lord Elwyn will have to go away for a change to the south of France; then we shall be home back—But why should not your wedding take place there quietly—at Cannes or Mentone? We could have a quiet affair—I am too tired to be anything else. We must talk it over, Adrian."

"You are very kind; but I hardly know how Lucille would like that sort of thing."

Laurence Doyle, to whom discussions concerning Lucille's marriage were gall and wormwood, took the practical step of walking away to find her. He opened one or two doors to see if she was in any of the down-stairs rooms; but she was nowhere to be seen.

"Hang it all," said Laurie to himself, "I can't stand another day of this sort of business—hanging about with a rival all day, and having to listen to all this talk about her wedding! Never a chance of a word with her have I had for two days; it's a little too much! Lucille can't expect me to stop on at this nothing—it's beastly slow now the old boy is ill! I'll hook it to-morrow morning! She might have given me a hint this morning, and I'd have gone to her boudoir up-stairs. I could have managed to shake that chap off if she had!"

He could not find her: so, in the worst of tempers, he turned into the billiard-room, lit a cigar, and began to look out a morning-train for himself in a *Bradshaw* which lay on the table.

Lady Elwyn, in accordance with her determination to "do the civil" and fulfil all the duties of hospitality towards the London physician, went into the dining-room where the great man was discussing partridges and Burgundy with the utmost enjoyment.

Colonel Elwyn and Kathleen were whispering together in a window. The girl was no longer so cold and her affectionate heart rejoiced over the improvement in her father's state, no less than over the possibility which his recovery held out to her of pouring her whole story into his ears, when he should be well enough to hear it, and so prevailing upon him to see that she could not marry Colonel Elwyn.

"Papa will not wish me to marry him when he learns the truth," she thought. "He will see that I must first get rid of Tom Bailey entirely upon my account. Perhaps he will pay him something to get out of the country: and then I shall be free—free! But I will never, never marry Alfred Elwyn! If I should be forced to less I can marry him, I will never marry at all! I will devote myself entirely to my dear father, and all the happiness my existence will be making him and tending him, so that his life may be prolonged. I heard Sir Augustus say he will have to be taken to a warm climate when he gets home! Papa's cousin, Lady Elwyn, who has been so much kinder to me lately, will allow me to go with him. Perhaps she will remain with Lucille's wedding, and I shall be able to escape from that day of misery."

And so her thoughts ran on. Colonel Elwyn said some things to her; but all she would say to him was—

"You know that I could not help giving you that promise. Be generous to me and do not entreat me! I to you. When my father recovers, then—"

"Then we will speak of it again, Kathleen!"

She turned away in silence; her tongue was tied until she could confide all to her father.

"I will tell him everything," she thought, "and he will stand by me and help me out of my troubles."

It was at this moment that Lady Elwyn entered the room. She left the door slightly ajar behind her, and went up to the table to talk to the doctors. Colonel Elwyn drew forward a chair for her and she sat down, and he remained talking to Sir Augustus near the Lord Elwyn's state. Kathleen stood in the window corner listening to them. Sir Augustus talked in a subdued and professional tone; Doctor Grieves ate the wing of his partridge and did not talk at all; Simpkins and one of the powdered twins crept about the room with noiseless footsteps. There was a singular hush in the room; there was indeed almost a sense of oppression in the atmosphere—a something that, like a vast shadow or an unknown terror, brooded heavily over the great house. Afterwards Kathleen recollected those moments with a strange realization of their meaning—recollected the sombre oak-panelled dining-room, unlit save by the wax-candles on the table, its mysterious distance deepening into absolute darkness; the hushed voices; the creeping servants coming in and out of the gloom, and the curious effect of the candle-lit faces glaring out strikingly against the blackness of the background. Then there fell a silence utter and absolute as that of death itself.

Suddenly, resulting the stillness as vividly as a flash of forked lightning, a wild weird scream arose far away in the distance of the quiet house. Everybody sprang forward while that other shriek, cutting the air like a cleaver, rang through the house. There was a rush for the door, and a white-faced scared man dashed down the great staircase into their midst.

"For the love of heaven, come at once!" he cried, catching at Sir Augustus Rolls' arm, and staggering forward almost on to his knees. "Come, come—Lord Elwyn is dead!"

And, rushing out into the hall, they all saw a white form flung half over the balusters above—a young girl with dishevelled hair and frightened face beating the air with struggling arms, uttering mad discordant cries, screaming, weeping, laughing hideously all in one, in the frenzy and despair of temporary insanity.

(To be Continued.)

Women as Violinists.

"Women ought to play the violin better than men," said Ole Bull before he died, "for to play the violin well a person must be honest and truthful, and a woman is honest so long as she has her way and truthful until some man teaches her falsehood." It was before an audience of kings and queens that he paid this loyal tribute to womanly character, and when some one ventured to question his authority he answered simply: "How do I know women are honest at heart? Why, my mother was a woman."

And Prof. Watson, a pupil of the great master, concurs with him in the opinion that girls can equal and often excel their brothers in proficiency because, as Professor Watson plains it, "the violin is peculiarly the instrument for soul music, and girls have more soul, more inherent musical taste, finer instincts and feelings, more delicate and subtle impressions and inspirations which compensate to musical artists their lack of equal muscular strength and daring in handling the bow. Any one can learn to play the piano who has a correct ear and the energy and perseverance to practice. You pound a piano, abuse it, compel it to do your will; but you have to pet a violin and coax it to speak the language of your soul, and girls know how to coax better than anything else. They are too gentle and persuasive sometimes, and the melody they produce is sweet at the expense of strength."

It is about five years since the craze for girl violinists began, and while it is counted among the superficial accomplishments of the fashion, it has left behind us a smattering of this and of the hundred and one other things that she knows how to do very badly, talented girl musicians are devoting to it the serious attention, consideration and endeavor, which they bestow upon any study or pursuit which they take up, and by their conscientiousness and earnestness, are becoming the pride of professors and the delight of music lovers. In the days of romance and chivalry, fair ladies wooed sweet harmonies from lute and cithera; but with their decadence waned the popularity of those instruments dedicated to heart melodies, and an age of glare and glitter succeeded, in which a girl was allowed no choice in instruments, from whose monotony the present innovation of violin and banjo are a delight to musicians and music lovers alike.

It is generally the daring, merry, mischievous girl that succeeds with the violin, because she likes it before she learns to play it. It is such a jolly, companionable, affectionate little instrument, ready to laugh when she wants to laugh and cry when her heart aches and she doesn't want to tell any one else about it: and a girl never looks more fascinating and generally delicious than when she takes the shining violin under her soft little cheek and draws the bow with her bare round arms. O, of science, all girls cannot master the violin, though how to play it charmingly is not so difficult of attainment as is generally supposed.—*N. Y. Sun.*

A Jealous Husband.

He came home with a serious face. She, who was all love and smiles, saw in an instant that something was the matter. He turned his face away when she attempted to plant the warm kiss of greeting on his lips. Her soul sank within her. It was the first time he had repulsed her.

"George," she said, eagerly, "tell me what it is. Has your love grown cold? Treat me frankly. It is better to know the truth than to be kept in suspense."

He kept his head averted a minute; his lip trembled, then he said: "Oh, heavens! Florence, how can you wear that mask of deceit when I know all?"

"All what?"

"Spare me the sad recital," he continued, "there are some things better left unsaid."

"I will not spare you; I insist on knowing what you mean. Tell me, and at once. Some perfidious wretch has poisoned your mind.

"Alas, no!" he said; "I was an eye-witness of it all. Do not add deceit to your other crimes. I saw it with my own eyes."

"Saw what?" she cried. "What have you seen? Are you mad?"

"Calm yourself madam. I saw you—you, the wife of my bosom—whom you did not think my eye was on you. You were in town mingling with the giddy throng. He was hurrying on. You beckoned to him. You made telegraphic signs until you attracted his attention."

"Merciful powers!" she gasped.

"You said, 'I know all,' he continued. "You did this in the public street. At first he would have gone on and disregarded you, but you were importunate. You caught his eye. You beckoned. He smiled, and you went down the thoroughfare together."

"'Tis false, as false as can be."

"Madam, it is true; I tell you I saw it. Let us have no more nonsense about it."

Then she sank upon the sofa. Again he turned his head to hide his emotion. The diamond tears began to come through her fingers. Helplessness, indignation, and shame were struggling together in her soul. Suddenly she looked up.

"Perhaps, sir, you will tell me who he was."

"Certainly," replied the wretch. "He was the driver of a street car.

Then he went suddenly out of the door, as if fearful that one of the statuettes would fly after him.

Communing With Nature.

Close by the sparkling brook whose silvery waters dance in the sunlight and rippled byously over the golden sands they sat in silence —George and Laura—drinking in the glorious beauty of the rustic scene and communing with nature in our other shrine. Afar in the west the sun seemed to linger at the horizon's brim as if unwilling to shut out from his gaze the lovely landscape that glowed with a softened and even melancholy radiance in his departing beams.

A thrilling cry burst from the lips of the beautiful girl.

"George! George!" she almost shrieked.

"What is it, darling?" he asked, placing his arm tenderly around her waist. "Has the romantic yet oppressive loveliness of the scenery saddened your spirits—"

"No George!" she screamed, waving her hands wildly and making a frantic jab at the small of her back. "I think it's some kind of bug!"

Two Ways of Telling the Story.

Lawyer—Now, Mr. Costello, will you have the goodness to answer me directly and categorically to the plain questions?

Witness—Certainly, sir.

"Now, Mr. Costello, is there a female at present living with you who is known in the neighborhood as Mrs. Costello?"

"There is."

"Is she under your protection?"

"She is."

"Now, on your oath, do you maintain her?"

"I do."

"Have you ever been married to her?"

"I have not."

(Here several severe jurors scowled gloomily at Mr. Costello.)

"That is all, Mr. Costello; you may go down."

Opposing Counsel—Stop one moment, Mr. Costello. Is the female in question your grandmother?

"Yes, she is."

Dim Recollections of a Previous Caucus.

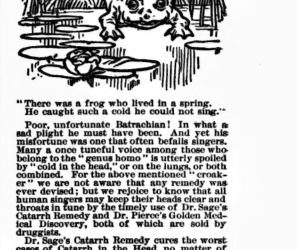
Clerk (sitting up in bed, holding on to his head)—"Oh Lord, oh Lord! When I was a little hazy yesterday I asked the chief to let me marry his daughter and now I don't know whether he gave me the mitten or not!"

Principal (vainly trying to eat at the breakfast table and holding his aching brow—talking to his wife)—"We were pretty gay yesterday, and the clerk asked me for Ida. Now, by heaven! I don't know whether I promised him her hand or not!"

Il Bacio.

Young Man from the City—Ah, there, dew-drop! I'll have to have just one sweet little kiss—

Country Maiden—Guess he ain't be'n boar'din 'round here long, or he'd 'a' heard about this "ere bridge bein' a leetle shaky!—*Puck.*



"There was a frog who lived in a spring.
He caught such a cold he could not sing."

Poor, unfortunate Batrachian! In what a sad plight he must have been. And yet his misfortune was one that often befalls singers. Many a once tuneful voice among those who belong to the "genus homo" is utterly spoiled by "cold in the head," or on the lungs, or both combined. For the above mentioned "croaker" we are not aware that any remedy was ever devised; but we rejoice to know that all human singers may keep their heads clear and throats in tune by the timely use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy and Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, both of which are sold by druggists.

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CHAPTER XXVI.

The evening began very pleasantly at Oldcastle Towers. Mr. Plumptre approved of the achievements of the cook and found the wine exactly to his palate. Having dined very much to his own satisfaction, he afterwards went to sleep in the drawing room—not less to the satisfaction of everybody else.

The lovely day had ended in a cloudy and threatening evening; no stars were visible; a cold wind blew from the sea. Adela had not cared for her usual walk with her lover, and they had established themselves on an ottoman in a snug corner by the piano, until the girl presently reminded Guy of a promise, made earlier in the day, that he would show her the intricacies of a new kind of gold-chasing in which he was trying to perfect himself.

There could be no better time than now, she urged in a whisper. They could not go out—she would catch cold and be dreadfully hoarse to morrow; she could not play, because it would wake uncle Plumptre, and he was, with due deference, so much nicer asleep; if they talked, she was quite certain that Lady Oldcastle would hear every word, which had its drawbacks—didn't he think so? In fine, she fairly coaxed him out of the room.

They had hardly left it when Duke came in—he had been answering some letters that the evening post had brought. As he had done once before, he dropped carelessly into a seat near his mother's work table. Knowing that he wished to speak to her, she raised her drooping eyes slowly from the page before her, the letters of which seemed a blur.

"Entertaining old boy that!" he said lightly, and, in an undertone, with a glance towards the slumbering and unconscious Mr. Plumptre. "What a solid plutocrat—in all ways—it is, eh?"

Lady Oldcastle turned her fine eyes languidly, and as languidly let them fall.

"Yes. What is it that you have to say to me, Duke? We may not be alone many minutes. Nothing unpleasant. I hope, by your face?"

Her eyes rested upon him eagerly—yearningly; through all the outward frost of her manner the fire of her passionate love for him was very plainly to be seen. There was now, as always, something pathetic about it and his repression because he accepted it so calmly and responded to it so little. He was looking brighter, she thought. She was glad to see it—she could just now feel no more even for him, with her hours passed in speechless dread and expectancy. She placed her hand upon her bosom, and beneath it there rose and fell, with every breath she drew, Gabriel Dwight's letter.

"What is it," she said, "that you wish to say to me, my dear?"

"Only that I had a talk with Guy before dinner. Perhaps he has said something to you about it?"

"Nothing."

"Oh, well, I didn't know! Yes; I had a talk with him."

"And he?"

"Well, he was pretty fair," said Duke judicially—"in fact, about as good as I expect him to be—recollecting the kind of fellow he is, rather better perhaps. I'm to give him a list of my debts, and he's to see what he can do with them."

"Does he promise to pay them?"

"Not he!" Duke opened his eyes with an amused look. "He's not such a fool! He told me plainly that he'd make no promise whatever until he knew exactly how I stood. He will place them in old Marchmont's hands, and he'll compound; make the best of a bad bargain—I'm sure I don't know what you call it." This was said indolently, as if it were any one's business but his.

"Is that all?" Lady Oldcastle asked slowly.

"Not quite. He'll allow me another three hundred a year, to make up the two thousand, but he took good care to make me understand that that was all he'd do, saying, in his amiable manner, that a thousand a year was a vast deal too much for any man to throw away in my improving style. And then he wound up with two pieces of advice."

"What were they?"

"First, that I should do well to see if I couldn't turn my hands and brains to some account—I never knew before that he credited me with any brains; and, secondly, that he believed it might be the saving of me if I were to—in short, follow his example.

"If you were to marry, do you mean?" his mother questioned quickly.

"Yes. Rather cool that, seeing that he himself has just walked off with the girl I wanted!"

"Do you suppose that he knows she rejected you?" asked Lady Oldcastle, setting her lips.

"Upon my word, I couldn't say! He never said he knew it. I say, mother, I tell you what—he is outrageously fond of her."

"I said so when you first came home," she rejoined, with the utmost indifference. "What of it?"

"Oh, nothing much, beyond that it's most likely through her influence that he is going to put his hand into his pocket for me! No"—answering her look—"I don't mean that I think she asked him—merely that, being in a ridiculously blissful state himself, he's inclined to stretch a point for me. He was resolute before to do nothing, you remember. Well, I thank Lady Adela for that, at any rate, though for precious little else; and, once more, I say he is outrageously fond of her—but they fooled than she is of him. That's the point that beats me!" he muttered. "For my part, I wonder how he ever screwed up the courage to propose to her."

Lady Oldcastle smiled with icy contemptuousness.

"Do you suppose that he ever did?" she said, deliberately.

"Why, of course—yes!" He stared. "What do you mean?"

"That Adela Nugent is a most audacious girl, and capable, when she pleases, of most audacious things. She has given proof of that. I told you, did I not, that I believe her quite capable of making at least half the advances? In this case I have no doubt whatever that she made them all—I am convinced of it. Guy would never have spoken to her. I know and understand him far too well."

"Whew!" Did she thought? Duke muttered. Then, with a sudden, involuntary spasm of honesty and outspokenness: "Well, all I can say is that, if she took half the trouble to bring him up to the scratch that she did to keep me off it, I don't wonder at all that things are as they are.

Lady Oldcastle returned no reply. Presently Duke began again, with another glance towards the still slumbering silk-merchant.

"Things are pretty well arranged, I suppose, mother? Do you know when the marriage is to be?"

"The date is not yet fixed, I believe, but probably it will be soon—some time in the coming autumn."

"So soon as that—eh? And," he added questioningly, "you mother?"

"I leave the Towers."

"Did Guy suggest it?"

"No; I spoke of it, and he at once agreed that it would no doubt be best. I should probably not care, he said, to remain here in any position but that of entire mistress, and that, of course, his wife must be. I shall go to the Dower House."

"The Dower House!" Duke said disparagingly. "Well, it's a nice enough place, but it isn't the Towers. I must say, mother, that I never expected to see any mistress here but you while Guy lived."

"Nor did I," Lady Oldcastle returned, low and bitterly.

"Well, it can't be helped, I suppose," Duke went on presently, in a livelier tone; "it is to be, it seems." He was hurt for his mother's trouble, but it did not immediately concern him, and, as he said, "it was to be." "I told Guy that I thought of leaving here, mother; and of course he raised no objection. So, as soon as I have pulled things together a bit, and can let him know how I stand, I shall be off again."

"When do you go?" the mother asked listlessly. It was the first time that she had ever heard him speak of his departure and not remonstrated against it. Now, loath to lose him as she was, she could not speak. Who could tell what would happen? Perhaps he was better away.

"The day after to-morrow most likely—it depends, of course, upon when I can get things straight. At any rate, I shall stay no longer than I'm obliged."

"And where do you go?" Lady Oldcastle asked, in the same dull tone.

"Oh, I shall run up to town for a week or two, I think! I shall like a little life after stagnating here."

His mother did not answer. With her eyes fixed upon the ground, she seemed to have fallen into a fit of moody thought.

Duke rose presently and strolled out to the terrace. Yes, the night was very threatening and dark; not a star was to be seen; not a breath of wind lessened the oppressive, humid heat; in the intense brooding stillness the distant sound of the surf upon the beach came like a hollow moaning murmur. Surely there was thunder in the hot, heavy air!

Duke lighted a cigar, thinking how oppressive and gloomy it was, and strolled to and fro for a while, wishing that it were possible for him to turn his face on the morrow from Oldcastle Towers. Where would the wedding be? Here, or at Adela's home—Sugbrooke? Whenever it was, he hoped they would have the grace not to ask him to it. It was his place to play "best man" to his brother, without doubt, but he would much prefer not to do it. If Guy did set him tolerably straight, he would make an effort to keep so; but as for marrying—no, he had had enough of trying that! How close it was! Surely there would be a storm soon! He sauntered towards the open window by which he had left the drawing-room and glanced in.

"There's a storm coming, I fancy, mother. Can't you feel it in the air? It's just like——"

He broke off, seeing that his mother's chair was empty. She was not in the room. Surprised, Duke stepped within. His arm, knocking against a little fragile trifle of a table hair swathed in the long curtain, sent it over. The noise aroused Mr. Plumptre, who sat up, red-faced, confused, blinking.

"Dear, dear—really I beg ten thousand pardons! I am afraid I've been nodding! The warmth and the change of air, I suppose."

Duke did not answer—indeed the sound of the silk merchant's unconscious voice was more intelligible to him than the inarticulate moan of the waves upon the distant shore. He had stooped to pick up something from the carpet, and held it, staring at it. Mr. Plumptre, who had been only partially roused, let his bald head fall back upon its comfortable cushions again, and once more closed his eyes. Duke still stood staring at what he had picked up on the floor close to his mother's vacated chair—a card, with a name upon it—"Gabriel Dwight."

He had come again then—the mysterious fellow with the queer name—and what a time it was to come! This card must have been brought to his mother just now while he was pacing the terrace, and she, through carelessness or mistake, had dropped it. It was strange that she, so haughty and punctilious a woman, should have granted this man an interview at this hour—as she of course had done. He thought of the second time he had spoken to her of this Gabriel Dwight, and had asked who Martin Langton was. How strange her manner had been!—and, after all, she had not answered the question. He was careless, thoughtless, hard to impress; but suddenly there sprang up in him a devouring curiosity and uneasiness which he could not control.

With one quick movement he flung open the door and went out into the hall. Near the dining-room door the old butler Kenrick was standing. Duke went up to him.

"Where is Lady Oldcastle, Kenrick? Do you know?"

"Her ladyship is in the library, sir. I beg your pardon, Mr. Duke"—as the young man was moving away—"but my lady is not alone, sir."

"Do you mean that Sir Guy is with her?" asked Duke, halting.

"No, sir; I saw Sir Guy go into his workshop half an hour ago with Lady Adela. They are there still, I believe. There is a gentleman with my lady in the library, sir. I took in his card to her about ten minutes or so ago."

"I know," Duke said curtly, and went towards the library door with Gabriel Dwight's card still in his hand.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Lady Oldcastle had gone straight from the drawing-room to the library when Gabriel Dwight's card had been brought to her. It had scarcely startled her; she had been bracing herself so long to this man again that it was almost a relief to her.

The old servant, giving her the card and waiting for her instructions, noted no change in her voice or expression; and, when, in a few moments, she entered the library, erect and haughty, in the handsome robes which became her so well, Gabriel Dwight saw facing him with eyes that met his own unflinchingly the same handsome, proud, and unyielding woman with whom he had had an interview in that room before. But he had made her swoon at his feet then; and now——

He bowed low and deferentially. Lady Oldcastle's brilliant cold eyes traveled once swiftly round the room—he was alone! In frigid silence she waited for him to speak.

"Lady Oldcastle," he said at last, he indeed by granting me this interview. I am deeply sensible of it, for I am aware that my visit is paid at an unusual hour. If I had sought the former occasion, I must begin by apologizing for my presence here at all. However, I venture to hope that you will excuse me."

As she listened to his detestable glib phrases, every word of which she knew covertly mocked her, she felt that she could have raised her hand and struck him full in his blandly smiling face. He met the look she gave him, and knew it at least as well as she.

"You received my letter, Lady Oldcastle?"

"I did."

"You did not, I hope, consider that I took an altogether unwarrantable liberty in writing it?"

"It is enough to say that I wrote it and that I received it," she rejoined, with the same steady look and in the same cold deliberate tone.

"Come, if you have no better reasons—and excuse—for being here to-night."

With the very officious manner and gesture which she had noted and resented before, he wheeled forward a chair that stood close to the hearth. A small wood fire was burning there, July though it was; for Oldcastle Towers, owing to its elevated and exposed position, was never very warm.

"Pardon me, Lady Oldcastle—will you do me the honor to sit down? Our talk may perhaps be a long one, although I trust I need not trouble you for many minutes—you will not desire it, I am sure," he said meaningly; "and you are not, I regret to observe, looking so well as when I last had the pleasure of seeing you. I sincerely trust that your swoon upon that occasion had no after ill-effects. You will oblige me by sitting down!"

If he had not known before that, in spite of her outward composure, she was in deadly terror of him, he must have known it now as she sank into the chair. She met his look fixedly still, and her face showed no change save a firmer compression of the already rigidly-set lips; but the dilating and contracting pupils of her eyes betrayed her, and he knew that beneath the hand which she put to her bosom, as though to rearrange the folds of lace there, her heart was beating with suffocating throbs.

He thanked her for her compliance with a slight bow and a smile, and, not sitting down himself, stood a little way from her, leaning upon the writing-table beside him, not speaking—perhaps arranging with himself how he had best begin.

"I am waiting, sir," Lady Oldcastle reminded him, looking at him with a steady frown, "to hear you explain your presence here, and your extraordinary conduct thither."

The last words broke from her in a fiery way, in spite of her stern attempt to control herself, and the fear with which she regarded him was not the sickening terror with which she had dreaded his second appearance here in her home. After all, could he harm her since, in spite of the threat in his letter, he came alone?

He spoke without any change in his easy attitude, still smiling, and the ease and directness with which he read her thoughts, and the insolent promptitude with which he proceeded to give utterance to them, appalled her.

"You were about to say, Lady Oldcastle, that you thought I should not come alone?"

"Your letter," she said, after a pause, "led me to suppose that you would not."

"Exactly." Gabriel Dwight smiled broadly. "You will forgive me, I am sure, if I confess that I purposely strove to create that impression. I told no falsehood, for I have not come alone, although not accompanied as you doubtless expected. I think, Lady Oldcastle, that I could venture to supply the name of the person whom you expected to see. May I mention it?" He stopped, bending a little towards her.

"Go on," she said hoarsely.

"Thank you. Plainly, Lady Oldcastle, you anticipated the—the pleasure of seeing Martin Langton—your friend and mine?"

"I did."

"May I ask why?"

"I inferred it from your letter."

"As I intended that you should," he said coolly. "But, pardon me, is there not some slight inconsistency here? When I last had the pleasure of seeing you, I think—you will correct me if I am wrong—I think you affirmed most emphatically that Martin Langton had died thirty years ago—in fact, before your marriage?"

"You told me he was living!" she retorted passionately.

"Oh, pardon me, no! Somewhat rashly you took it for granted; and I confess that I left you under the impression. It suited me to do so better than to tell the truth—which I was certainly about to do when you swooned. I saw the mistake under which you were laboring; and once more I confess that I certainly allowed it to remain."

"Which is the truth?" She looked at him fixedly. "Is Martin Langton living or dead?"

"He is dead."

With one convulsive gasp she turned her eyes from him, and sat looking, with a set and rigid face, at the fire. Smiling, he leaned on hand at his smooth chin, he watched her calmly and curiously.

"He is dead, Lady Oldcastle," Gabriel Dwight repeated, "although the rumor of his death nineteen years ago was a false one. The truth of the matter is—— But these explanations are apt to be lengthy. Will you allow me to sit down?"

She made a movement for him to do so without raising her head. As he sat down, he drew a chair coolly over against hers and seated himself in it, leaning forward with his arm upon his knee, and speaking slowly and emphatically.

"The rumor of Martin Langton's death in consequence of a wound received in a drunken brawl in a Spanish gambling-house nineteen years ago was a falsehood, Lady Oldcastle, and a falsehood circulated and maintained deliberately by himself. His wish was that the world had known him before he quitted England, a ruined man, should believe him dead. His character was a singular one of strength and weakness—as you, no doubt, will remember. He had been weak enough to ruin himself beyond hope of redemption; but he was strong enough to sever himself from the home his name and would have been disgraced by their connection with the hanger-on at foreign gambling-houses and race courses—for that is what, even so long ago as twenty years, Martin Langton had become."

He paused. The handsome figure in the chair did not stir; the cold blue eyes were fixed immovably on the fire. He smiled, assumed an easier attitude in his own seat, and went on tranquilly, with a certain observable growing enjoyment.

"That he sank much lower, Lady Oldcastle, lower and lower yet—that, as the years rolled on, he became more lost and degraded—I need hardly say. I will not distress you by enlarging upon the inevitable miseries and vicissitudes which attend a man who embarks upon such a life as he led. When I first knew him some two years ago—he has not been dead more than six months—he was so broken, such a wreck both physically and mentally, that there could hardly have been a trace about him of the man whom no doubt you recall as I speak."

She turned to face him with an imperious movement, her eyes flashing.

"When you first knew him!" she echoed disdainfully. "Then your claim to having known me before Martin Langton quitted England—to having known me through him, was, as I suspected, a lie!"

Gabriel Dwight bowed deprecatingly.

"I am bound to admit, Lady Oldcastle, that I made that statement merely for my own private ends; it has no real bearing on the matter which has brought me here; I did depart from my usual rule, and did not strict the strict truth. I acknowledge frankly that, so far from having had the honor of knowing you at that time, I had not so much as heard your name—indeed, I did not hear the name of Oldcastle' until as nearly as possible a year ago. Perhaps I cannot better explain—and excuse—my past and present visit here than by first stating how and when that was. Have I your permission to recall it?"

Although he had not in any way abated his outwardly deferential manner, the goading mockery which maddened the proud woman had never been for an instant concealed. She was rigid now, and would not deign to turn her eyes towards him. Completely unabashed, he moved his chair a little nearer to hers, and continued coolly:

"It will hardly serve our present purpose to state how I first became acquainted with Martin Langton—I might unwittingly—of course unwittingly—distress you, and I might prolong this conversation unnecessarily. We became acquainted—in a measure, intimate; he confided to me—with certain explanations which I afterwards discovered—a good deal in connection with his past life. He was, as I said, a broken man, with no earthly interests beyond the providing of daily food and shelter, and drink; he was completely indifferent to everything and everybody; in short, I had never seen him show interest in any single creature until about a year ago. We were then at Monaco."

Lady Oldcastle started round in her chair, in an instant regained her self-command, and looked away again. As if he had not seen the movement, Gabriel Dwight went on:

"That fortunes are won and lost at Monte Carlo, that fools are fleeced while scamps grow rich, I need not tell you, Lady Oldcastle; that many play for excitement and amusement, are drawn on to play again and yet again until their pockets are empty and their credit gone, I also need not say. Among the many there at that time who thus played was a young gentleman of position, I noticed if only because Langton displayed an interest in him. This young gentleman had done as so many do—played too deeply, and of course lost. His difficulties were serious, his only chance of extrication was that of appealing to his friends at home. Most wisely he took that course; most happily his appeal was not made in vain. After some delay, his elder brother—not for the first time, I believe—came over from England and settled, or at least compounded for the most pressing of his debts. First, I must add, it crept about, as such things will, that there had been an unpleasant scene between them. Be that as it may, the two did not leave Monaco together. The younger left for Paris; the elder returned home."

Gabriel Dwight stopped again. This time Lady Oldcastle neither started nor turned; she sat silent and motionless.

"Things chance awkwardly sometimes," he went on, finding that she would not break the pause, "and it so happened that I never saw the elder brother. I wished to see him; for, if Martin Langton had taken an interest in the younger brother, he was more than interested in the elder—indeed he did not rest until he had contrived to speak to and to apologize to him. He was so altogether unlike his usual self that I frankly confess he aroused my curiosity. The younger brother had lived and played under an assumed name, as many do; but I had no difficulty, by means of a few judicious questions, in finding out the true style and title of the elder. Shall I mention the name?"

She looked at him now with eyes gleaming, her bosom heaving, her hands locked in each other, as she said huskily, hardly above a hoarse whisper—

"Do so."

"The present Sir Guy Oldcastle—your elder son."

There was another pause. Gabriel Dwight leaned back easily in his chair, and smiled as he looked at the stately figure turned from him, at the proud carriage of the haughty head. He knew well the words more would make her comprehend him fully. He went on, a veiled insolence creeping more and more plainly into his tone as he proceeded.

"There was a change in my friend from that time, Lady Oldcastle. He could hardly sink lower—it is not in human to do that. He was a tribe more reckless perhaps, and he was very often intoxicated. He talked at such times as men will, and I—most naturally, as I am sure you will allow—listened. It was then that I heard certain things in his past which he had not chosen to confide to me. He died, and such effects as he left came into my possession. They were very few—at first sight worthless—old books, old bills, old memoranda, old—letters." A moment's pause, while the tortured heart of the woman before him beat suffocatingly. "Shall I add anything further in the way of explanation, Lady Oldcastle?" Gabriel Dwight asked courteously.

"Wait, man, for Heaven's sake!"

She sprang erect with that hoarse choked cry, and stretched out her hands with a fierce gesture, as though she would have desperately thrust some deadly thing from her. The next moment she raised her head unflinchingly, and met the look with eyes that never blenched, with defiance, even pride, in every line of her death-white face. She was not one to cringe or beg for mercy; she fathomed him fully now, and knew the extent of his power.

As for him, he was completely taken by surprise. He stepped back from her, his ready wit forsaking him for once.

"Not another word!" she said imperiously; and the gesture of her upraised hand checked him not less than her look. "I understand you. Show me the wares you have to sell, and demand your price."

"Really, Lady Oldcastle——"

"At once, or I will not treat with you. I am a desperate woman, and no coward. Show me your letters!"

His hand went involuntarily to his breast, and remained there hesitatingly. She would not be so easily to be baffled as he had thought; but he could not help admiring her. Any other woman would have supplicated, wept; she wasted neither time nor words.

"Patient and Lady Oldcastle," he said—and, in spite of himself, his full florid face had less of insolence—"possession, you are aware, is nine points of the law—at present, my letters!"

"Show me," she repeated, without any change of tone or look, "my letters to Martin Langton."

(To be Continued.)

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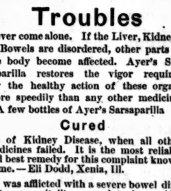

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Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Two.)

On Wednesday evening a quiet reception was given at their residence on Gerrard street by Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Wild in honor of the recent wedding of their son, Mr. Mount C. Wild to Miss Maggie Fleming. About three hundred guests were present. Standing beneath a floral wedding bell in the drawing-room the bride and bridegroom received the congratulations of their friends, and all around the room was scattered a profusion of wild flowers. The many beautiful and valuable gifts received from friends were shown, among which were a beautiful painting of Rocky Mountain landscape, the work of Mrs. Wild, the groom's mother, and a beautiful silver tea service from the bride's uncle, Mr. Mitchell of Cayuga.

•

Professor Baker has arrived in Amsterdam.

•

Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Baker are at Baker's Island, Lake Rosseau, and will remain there all July. In August they go to State Island, St. Lawrence, with Toronto Canoe Club.

•

Mrs. Bendelari and family left on the 8th for Annisquam, near Gloucester, Mass., where they are to remain till the warm weather is over, in company with Mrs. George Worthington of Cleveland, and Prof. Bendelari of Harvard College.

•

Mrs. W. R. Holton and child of Parkdale are spending a few weeks with their cousins at Owen Sound.

•

If those going from home to watering places would send an announcement to SATURDAY NIGHT it would be a favor to their friends.

•

The Misses Jewell leave on July 15 for a lengthy tour through England and the continent.

•

The following ladies and gentlemen are spending the summer at Stanley House, Lake Joseph, Muskoka: Dr. Kingston and party of Aylmer, Mr. T. Jenkins and Miss Jenkins of Toronto, Rev. C. and Mrs. Scadding of New York, Mrs. H. Scadding and Miss Holcroft of Orillia, Dr. H. Crawford Scadding of Toronto, Master Cameron of Toronto, Prof. Ashley and family of Toronto, Dr., Mrs. and Miss M. Corbett of Orillia.

•

The following Torontonians are residing at Beaumaris Hotel, Muskoka Lake: Messrs. H. Gordon Mackenzie, A. Ford, J. Morrow, E. T. English, R. H. Fox, Arthur A. Gibb, Walter P. Thomson, Saml. May, Mr. and Mrs. Donald C. Ridout and family, Misses C. and N. Langmuir, Mr. Goodwin Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Brown, Mr. F. A. Acland. From Guelph are: Mrs. Hall, Miss Mercer, the Misses Hall, Mr. E. Evatt, Mr. G. B. Hall. From Hamilton: Mrs. Geo. H. and the Misses Gillespie. Mr. J. Ashcroft of Liverpool, Eng.

•

Mr. W. K. Pearce and Mr. Evan Begg of the Dominion Bank are looking well after their trip up the lakes to Mackinaw.

•

Mrs. Darling of New York, who has resided for some time on the Island, left with her family on Thursday for Detroit.

•

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Norrie have left town for Barrie, Muskoka and Halifax, N. S.

•

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Blackburn and family, Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Brush and family, Mrs. Sheard and family, Mrs. Staunton, Mrs. Canfield, Signor and Mrs. D'Auria and family are staying at Hanlan's Point.

Out of Town.

WALKERTON.

On Friday, July 5, Dr. Usher and family left for Pomona, Cal. Before his departure, a number of the residents of the town assembled at his house and presented the doctor with a gold-headed cane, a gold watch chain, and an address.

Mrs. Hughes and Miss Sinclair have gone to Portage la Prairie to spend the summer.

Miss Trail of Hamilton is spending her holidays here.

Mr. Nicol Kingsmill and family of Toronto are spending a few days with Judge Kingsmill.

Mr. Gunn left for Scotland on Monday July 8.

Mr. L. McNamara of Mt. Forest spent Sunday in town.

BELLEVILLE.

Lieut.-Col. Hulme, manager of the Manufacturers' Life Insurance Company of Quebec, late of this city, was presented with a handsome gold watch and chain by his friends here, as a parting token of esteem.

Miss Tempe Falkiner is so far convalescent that she took a drive on Saturday afternoon with Miss Biggar and Mr. George Biggar.

Mr. Hamilton, manager of the Merchants' Bank, and family have taken up their residence in their roomy and comfortable cottage at Massasaga Park.

Mrs. George A. Cox and Master Bertie Cox of Toronto are the guests of Mrs. T. Donnelly, Charles street. They are taking in the delights of our beautiful Bay of Quinte.

Mr. Marshall Bank has been rusticating in a tent at Massasaga Park.

Miss Annie Mathison, daughter of the Superintendent of the Institute, is visiting friends in Brantford.

Miss Frankie Rathbun of Deseronto is the guest of Miss Alice Bell.

Mrs. McAnany gave a dance on Wednesday evening in honor of her visitor, Mrs. Brewer of New York.

Mr. H. Simpson has gone to Hastings to take charge of a branch law office for his father, Mr. J. H. Simpson.

A Distinguished Visitor.

Mr. Lyman Wheeler, the well-known vocal teacher of Boston, is in the city and has been so well received, both socially and professionally that he expresses himself delighted with Toronto. On Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays he examines voices (without charge) and give a candid opinion of their possibilities.

Practical Business Education.

Mr. J. M. Crowly, the general manager, announces that the Toronto Business College, corner of Yonge and Shuter streets, will hold a special summer term for teachers and others, until the end of August. A perusal of their descriptive circular will repay intending candidates.

•

The Heintzman Band, that popular and efficient organization of the employes of the enterprising firm of Heintzman & Co., will excurt to Niagara Falls on July 20.

TO CAMPING PARTIES

We have on hand a full and specially selected stock of camping and picnic supplies, including Fine Wines, Liquors and aerated waters, put up in assorted cases to suit, and shipped to all resorts. We will pay shipping charges on all orders of $10 and upwards. Try our celebrated "MIKADO" blende of whiskey---easy to take---and with all the nutritive qualities required by invalids.

Orders by mail, wire or telephone promptly attended to.

F. P. BRAZILL & CO.

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N. B.---Try a case (12 bottles) of our Choice Claret, $5 per case, cheapest in the market. "Aged whiskies our specialty."

THE QUEEN'S ROYAL HOTEL

Niagara-on-the-Lake

This popular summer resort is a branch of The Queen's Hotel, Toronto; is situated at the mouth of the Niagara River on the shore of Lake Ontario, ten miles from Niagara Falls.

FOUR FIRST-CLASS TENNIS COURTS

Good Fishing, Bathing and Boating

ACCOMMODATION FOR TWO HUNDRED GUESTS

Hop Every Saturday Evening in Ball-Room

Special rates to families by the week, month or season. Send for illustrated circular.

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ONTARIO LADIES' COLLEGE

WHITBY

Literary course based on University curriculum. **Music and Fine Arts** under direction of ablest masters. **Elocution and Commercial** branches by gifted specialists. **Social Habits and Manners** receive marked attention from lady principal of known ability. **Gymnasium** elaborately equipped for scientific physical culture. Magnificent buildings; extensive grounds; healthful home. Fifteenth year begins September 5.

For calendar address:

REV. J. J. HARE, Ph. D., Principal.

Annual Excursion

OF THE

HEINTZMAN BAND

TO

NIAGARA FALLS

ON

SATURDAY, JULY 20

PER PALACE STEAMERS

Chicora and Cibola

Boat leaves Yonge Street Wharf at 7 a.m.; returning, train leaves the Falls at 7.05 p.m. for Lewiston, where boat will be waiting specially for excursionists so that there will not be any overcrowding on the boat. The full Band, under Mr. THOS. BAUGH, conductor, will render a choice programme of music during the day.

Tickets for round trip $1.25; children 65 cents. To be had from members of the Band or at Heintzman & Co.'s.

The National Game.

"My faith! is it possible in this Amerique, which is so otherwise civilized?" exclaimed Mlle. de Mortier. "This, which is that wich you call a newspaper, announce that 'the umpire roasted Anson,' and that 'Gore died at first, but was given a life later by Pfeffer,' who, it seems, committed 'a very yellow error.' One Ward is publicly applauded for the infamy of 'stealing three bags,' and yet he afterwards 'left the diamond.' *Mille tonnerre!* in our France one steals the diamond and leaves the bag. The paper says that 'Mickey struck fourteen men out,' and that though 'a large police force preserved strict order. No one strikes fourteen men before *gens d'armes* in Paris."

Midas Grows Envious.

Colonel Closewax—What did our beach dinner party cost, dear?

Mrs. Colonel Closewax—One hundred dollars.

Colonel Closewax—What has been done with the remaining nine hundred dollars out of the one thousand dollar check I gave you?

MR. LYMAN WHEELER

OF BOSTON

TEACHER OF

SINGING AND VOICE CULTURE

Is located in Toronto for the summer, and will receive a limited number of pupils at the store of A. & S. Nordheimer, 15 King St. E'st. Between two and three o'clock on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays Mr. Wheeler will examine voices without charge, and freely give his opinion as to their merits.

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Perfection in Fashion, Fit and Finish Guaranteed.

Leave orders early to insure prompt attention.

J. & A. CARTER

Manufacturers and Teachers of the

New Tailor System of Dress Cutting, late Prof. Moody's.

Matrimonial Adaptation

A wonderful book which every young man or woman should have. Many lives are made miserable after marriage through each being ignorant of the other's disposition, temperament, etc. *We guarantee* that any lady or gentleman following the advice and instructions contained in this comprehensive work will secure life-long happiness. Sent post free to any address for 35c. (stamps taken).

EUREKA PUBLISHING CO.

Box 523, Toronto, Ont.

Mrs. Colonel Closewax—There wasn't a cent left after I tipped the waiters.

Colonel Closewax—I think I'll ask the proprietor of this hotel to give me a chance to wait on dinner parties.

WHEELER & WILSON MANUFACTURING CO.

See the No. 9 and No. 12 Sewing Machines

THE PRACTICAL RESULTS OF 50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

The light running, high arm and noiseless No. 9 Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine, for elegance of design, excellence of workmanship, simplicity and durability, and for all family purposes, has no equal.

We invite inspection of manufacturers and others, interested in first-class sewing machinery, to our No. 12 and D 12 Machines. Also our Automatic Button-Hole Machine, with automatic cutter combined. Estimates furnished for complete sewing machine plant for any branch of manufacturing.

Special sewing machinery of all kinds supplied to order. Needles and attachments for all kinds of work.

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STEAMER MERRITT

From Yonge Street Wharf 10 a.m., and 2 and 5.30 p.m. Returning from Park 12 noon, 4 and 7.30 p.m.

Fare 25 cents. Children under 12, 15 cents

Ticket and Excursion office on Yonge Street Wharf.

"LONG BRANCH"

THE POPULAR SUMMER RESORT

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Steamers Rupert and Queen of the Isles

Nine round trips daily. The most delightful one-hour sail from Toronto Harbor. Fare 25 Cents

FAMILY BOOK TICKETS, 20 per cent. discount, at Head Office, 54 Church St., or Agencies. Hotel now open. Telephone 1772 for rates and all information regarding Picnics, Excursions, Moonlights, etc.

HANLAN'S POINT

Saturday Afternoon and Evening

Grand Open Air Concert

BY THE

BAND OF THE Q. O. R.

Steamers will leave Yonge, York and Brock streets every 20 minutes. Last boat leaves Island at 11 p.m. Band Concerts will be given every evening.

DOTY FERRY CO.

NIAGARA NAVIGATION CO.

MAGNIFICENT SIDEWHEEL STEAMERS

Chicora and Cibola

Leave Yonge Street Wharf, Toronto, at 7 a.m., 11 a.m., 2 p.m. and 4.45 p.m. for Niagara and Lewiston, making close connection with New York Central and Michigan Central Railways for Suspension Bridge, Buffalo, Rochester, New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Boston, Erie, Cleveland, etc.

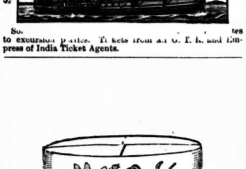
Family Book Tickets at Very Low Rates

Particulars from C. W. IRWIN, Agent, 40 Yonge Street, Toronto.

St. Catharines, Niagara Falls, Buffalo, New York and all Points East

Daily from Geddes' Wharf, at 7.30 a.m. and 3 p.m. by the PALACE STEAMER

EMPRESS OF INDIA

SEASON  1898

Special rates to excursion parties. Tickets from all C. P. R. and Empress of India Ticket Agents.

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Fancy and Staple FURNITURE

Newest Designs. Moderate Prices

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LAKE SIMCOE

Is now open for guests under new and popular management.

Rates Graded from $7 per Week

Close communication with Toronto and Hamilton trains, and by steamer Enterprise from Barrie to the Park daily, and late train on Saturdays and early train on Monday mornings south throughout the season.

The hotel contains 80 rooms, with all the latest modern appointments; beautifully situated; overlooking Kempenfelt Bay, on Lake Simcoe, and nine miles from Barrie; bath houses, boats, bowling alleys, swings, lawn tennis, good fishing and daily mail. For particulars address:

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Lessee and Manager, Barrie.

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AND ISLAND PARK

Port Cockburn, Lake Joseph, Muskoka

Largest and Best Hotel in Muskoka. Elegant Dining-room, Large Airy Bedrooms.

The only hotel in Muskoka that can accommodate 200 guests.

Beautifully situated, splendid boating, bath'ng and fishing. Post, telegraph and express offices in the house. Fine grove and pleasure grounds. Steam yacht, bowling alleys, &c.

Letters of inquiry will receive our prompt attention.

HAMILTON FRASER & SONS, Proprietors.

Oakland Park Hotel

TOBIN ISLAND

Opposite Head of Port Carling River

Lake Rosseau

This new summer retreat is centrally and most beautifully situated on "Big Island" (as it was commonly called previous to being surveyed), containing over 1,000 acres of good land, as yet mostly covered with woods and abounding in game and all kinds of berries. Only two miles above Port Carling, at the Junction of Lakes Rosseau and Joseph. This house commands on every side extensive and by far the most charming land and water views to be had in Muskoka. Dry, comfortable boats for hire. Good fishing and secluded bathing places. Good steamboat wharf. Daily mail. Steamer calls twice daily.

Terms from $1.25 per day. Special rates for families.

J. M. TOBIN, Prop.

Maplehurst Hotel

MUSKOKA

J. P. BROWN - - Proprietor

This beautifully situated and strictly first-class hotel will be open for the season on the 15th of June.

Beautifully situated cottage to let near hotel.

THOMSON HOUSE

PARRY SOUND - - ONT.

This commodious hotel has just been refitted and furnished. It is healthily situated, convenient to steamboat wharf, and commands an excellent view of the bay. Special attention given to tourists. Terms $1.50 to $2 per day.

W. F. THOMSON, Prop., Parry Harbor P. O., Ont.

BEAUMARIS HOTEL

TONDERN ISLAND

Lake Muskoka

Good Fishing, Bathing, Boating, Lawn Tennis and Billiards.

TERMS $1.50 TO $2.00 PER DAY.

Accommodation for 150 guests. Parties leaving Toronto in the morning arrive in Beaumaris at 3 o'clock same day. Address—

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Cool, bracing air, first-class table. Dark room for photographers. Splendid fishing and bathing.

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This favorite summer resort is delightfully situated on the shore of Lake Rosseau. Accommodation for 50 guests. Good board; also

Boating, Bathing and Fishing

Steamer calls daily.

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At office—16 Victoria Street, 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.
At residence—57 Murray Street, evenings. TORONTO.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

GOLDSTEIN—On July 2, at Toronto, Mrs. Goldstein—a daughter.
HANNA—On July 2, at Toronto, Mrs. D. Hanna—a daughter.
ARNOLDI—On July 7, at Toronto, Mrs. Frank Arnoldi—a son.
LEIGH-SPENCER—On July 7, at Toronto, Mrs. O. L. Leigh-Spencer—a daughter.
HADDER—On July 1, at Toronto, Mrs. C. T. Hadder—a son.
CONLIN—On July 8, at Toronto, Mrs. Thomas E. Conlin—a son.
DAVIS—On July 10, at Toronto, Mrs. Fred. Davis—a son.

Marriages.

MURDOCK—HUNT—At St. Mark's Church, on July 9, by Rev. C. J. Inglis, J. Y. Murdock, barrister, to Clara, third daughter of the late Chas Hunt, all of Toronto.
BOAG—PATTERSON—On July 5, at Stratford, J. R. Boag of Buffalo, N. Y., to Margaret Henrietta Winifred Patterson.
McCLELLAND—LANGDON—On July 1, at Cooksville, Geo. McClelland to Anna Langdon.
SPICER—HEWSTON—At Toronto, Benjamin B. Spicer to Annie D. Hewston.
FINLAY—COOTS—On July 3, at Toronto, James Finlay to Mrs. Mary J. Coots.
FURNISS—OVERHOLT—On June 28, at Toronto, Arthur William Needham Furniss to Emma Frances Overholt of Welland.
PEACEY—WATKINS—On July 2, at Toronto, Alfred G. Peacey to Bella Watkins.
SCOTT—McLELLAN—On July 9, at Toronto, Rev. John Scott, D.D., of Fort Elgin, Ont., to Mrs. E. J. McLellan.
HALLAMORE—HANNA—On July 8, at Toronto, J hn C. Hallamore to Mary Etta Hanna.
DONALDSON—MORGAN—On July 8, at Ashburnham, J. Gerald Stuart Donaldson of Toronto, to Anne Mompesson Morgan.
ARMSTRONG—WOOD—At Toronto, T. Norman Armstrong to Matilda Wood, both of Toronto.
BRUCE—O'REILLY—On July 10, at Toronto, John Bruce to Helen Rowsell O'Reilly.
JEFFERS—WILLIAMSON—On July 10, at Toronto, T. C. Jeffers to Nellie Williamson, both of Toronto.
VAIR—CAMPBELL—On July 9, at Barrie, William Vair to Mary Campbell, both of Barrie, Ont.

Deaths.

GRANGE—On July 8, at Newburgh, Mrs. Wm. Grange, ged 37 years, sister of Mrs. A. R. Aylesworth, Toronto.
CADDY—On June 30, at Simcoe, Ont., Elizabeth Ann Caddy, aged 77 years.
MYLES—On June 12, at Guernsey, Channel Islands, Mr. Wm. Myles, aged 69 years.
SMITH—On July 4, at Calgary, N.W.T., Frederick George Smith, aged 34 years.
VAN DER SMISSEN—On July 7, at Toronto, Henry Van der Smissen, aged 82 years.
GAYTON—On July 7, at Toronto, Thomas Gayton, aged 32 years.
SCOTT—On July 7, at Toronto, Edward Scott, aged 22 years.
DUDLEY—On July 7, at Pernside, Lake Couchiching, William, infant son of T. J. Dudley.
JONES—On July 6, at Paris, Ont., William Chadwick Jones, proprietor of the *Star-Transcript*, aged 51 years.
ROGERS—On July 3, at Colborne, Frederick Charles Rogers, aged 16 years.
SMITH—On July 8, at Toronto, James R. Lloyd Smith.
TELFER—On July 8, at Toronto, Mrs. Alice Telfer, aged 71 years.
GLOVER—On July 9, at Toronto, Mary Maud Glover, aged 1 year.
BELL—On July 9, at Toronto, Henry Bell, aged 75 years.
BOYD—On July 7, at Niagara-on-the-Lake, Muriel Louise, infant daughter of David and Maria Boyd.
LABITZKY—On July 8, at Hamilton, Sebastian Labitzky, aged 27 years
WESLEY—On July 10, at Toronto, Mrs. L. Wesley, aged 46 years.
NOBLE—On July 9, at Norval, Ont., Mrs. Ann Noble, aged 87 years.
SUTHERLAND—On July 8, at Newmarket, Mrs. Lucy A. Sutherland.

J. F. THOMSON. GEORGE DUNSTAN.

Thomson & Dunstan

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Mail Building, Bay Street

TELEPHONE 1,237

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See our stock of Boys' Jerseys; they are simply immense.

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Do you expect factory-made garments to show that dainty perfection you want to see in Baby's dress? But with either of the two new and elegant Family Sewing Machines just produced by the Singer Manufacturing Co. you can do work good enough even for Baby.'

WE GUARANTEE PERFECTION.

The Singer Manufacturing Company No. 66 King St. West Toronto

Agencies Everywhere

OUR SUMMER SALE

COMMENCED

TUESDAY, JULY 2

Reductions 20 to 40 p. c.---Ten Cents off Each Whole Dollar Bill

OVERBUYING LAST WINTER CAUSES A SURPLUS—A surplus of fresh, new, desirable goods. Plums—Real good things, and we have made up our minds to sacrifice them. We have $50,000 worth of goods received in excess of orders They shall be sold regardless of cost.

MILLINERY, MANTLES, DRESS GOODS, HOUSE FURNISHINGS, CLOTHING, ETC.—All will be sacrificed. Special lines all over the store will be reduced from 20 to 40 per cent, besides which 10c will be allowed on each dollar purchased for cash.

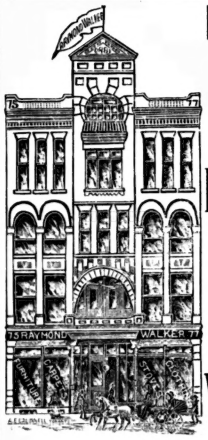
SEASIDE FLANNELS, FINE DRESS GOODS—The whole of this beautiful stock at sale prices. No reserve. An elegant assortment of Seaside Flannels at 15c. a yard and 10c. off the dollar besides. Ceylon Flannels in many patterns. Bargains in every corner. Chances in every line.

During July and August store closes at 6 p.m., Saturdays included.

R. WALKER & SONS

King Street East

RAYMOND



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With a stock of General House Furnishing Goods to match the building and

OUR EASY PAYMENT SYSTEM

To help the customer we offer advantages not elsewhere found in Canada.

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In all the large cities more than that it has become decidedly popular. The buyer who would be alarmed at the sight of a large carpet or furniture bill thinks nothing of the few weekly dollars paid out as instalments. He has his money and his comforts as well.

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Raymond Walker, the Liberal House Furnisher

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HIGH-CLASS PIANOS

Unequalled in Elegance of Construction and Beauty of Finish.

Easy and Sympathetic Touch, Finenes and Purity of Tone.

AMERICAN PIANOS. CANADIAN AMERICAN ORGANS

Second-hand Pianos and Organs on Small Weekly or Monthly Payments.

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MANUFACTURERS OF

PIANOFORTES

GRAND, SQUARE AND UPRIGHT.

The oldest and most reliable Piano Manufacturers in the Dominion.

Their thirty-six years' record the best guarantee of the excellence of their instruments.

Our written guarantee for five years accompanies each Piano.

Illustrated Catalogue free on application

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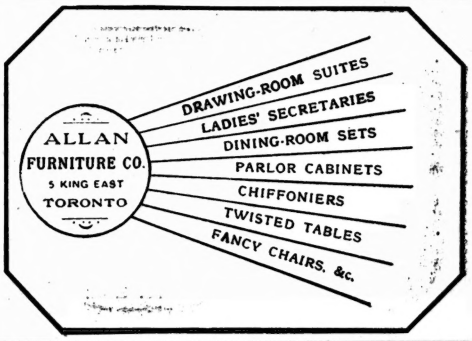

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